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A CHILD OF CHANCE.

The Strange Story of a Double Life---He Took a Dead Man's Place---The Tragedy of Circumstance.

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CHAPTER I.
A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

Through the wind-tossed darkness of the hot summer night a man made his way from the little town to the station. Behind him the lights twinkled dimly. About the depot the lights of swinging lanterns moved like drunken fireflies.

The rumble of an approaching train came with a sweep of wind from the west. The man quickened his steps. Through the night came the shriek of an engine. He was almost running now. He staggered a little, for he was intoxicated. Reaching the station, he stumbled into the dingy waiting room, and asked for a ticket, jerking out the one word "Topeka."

Snatching the ticket he went outside. The light of the engine shone fiercely as it rushed forward. There was noise and confusion about the depot. All about him it was dark. Nearer to where the train would stop the moving lanterns made small circles of light that reached up in pale trembling cones through the darkness.

With a sudden rush and jar the train stopped. The man on the platform started forward, stumbled and fell with a low groan. Once he tried to rise, but, groaning again, fell back, under the edge of the platform. The train rushed on, cutting its way through the hot darkness. The man under the edge of the platform heard voices near him.

"New station agent? Where's the old one? Clever fellow enough, wasn't he?"

"Yes, but he slept when the midnight freight went by."

"Lost his job then?"

"Couldn't hold it and sleep, you know."

"Poor fellow. Hard luck all around."

"Yes. You are the chap that cut him out of his girl, ain't you? He's been drinking more than's good for a man since, you know."

"Well, we are all children of chance, you know."

"Eh? Not quite. A fellow sort of hews out his own fortune, seems to me."

"There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may.' Good people call it the mysterious workings of Providence. I call it chance, luck, fate---what you will. I'm sorry for the poor dog that's down. Very clever fellow was Brown."

"The winning man can afford to be generous. The poor fellow's gone. I saw him buy his ticket to Topeka. Well, sir, there is the man for your train, and I know Miss Polly Andrews is anxious, so, if you are ready, we'll go."

The two men had been standing on the platform. One of them tossed a burning cigar to the ground, and the two walked away.

The man under the platform sat up. At any rate he was not drunk now. But his head was queer. He had struck it against some hard object. It hurt him a little and felt empty and light.

He could see the two men dimly outlined in the lights about the wagon that had driven up.

"Children of chance," he said, slowly. "That's what we are. My struggles have been but the feeble efforts of a butterfly to guide its course in a gale. Now I'll see where chance will drift me."

He stood up. The place was deserted. Somewhere inside the new station agent whistled a gay tune. Bascome Brown laughed softly. "He has a lot to learn, poor fool. I do believe he is happy. I'd like to see the poor idiot, but---I don't want to meet anybody that knows me. Guess I'd better daff on. This is a queer feeling in my head. A walk will clear it. I can stop when I'm tired."

It was easier to move with the wind. He stepped on the track and turned his face eastward. On and on he walked. Once he stepped aside for the midnight freight to pass him; then he went tirelessly on and on.

After a while the hot wind ceased and a cool fresh breeze met him as he went on. In front of him the darkness faded to gray. A red line grew across the sky. Morning had come.

Again and again the traveler stepped off the track to avoid passing trains. Sometimes when he came to a bit of wood near the track he stopped for awhile, throwing himself upon the ground. Twice he stopped at a wayside cabin and paid for food and drink. Then another night settled down and a day like the last followed it.

It was the third day and the sun was going down. There was a rumble of thunder. Birds called to each other shrilly. The air was hot and still. Over in the northwest lay a heavy, ragged-edged cloud. The darkness came quickly as if the day hurried affrighted from the coming storm.

Now that it was darker lurid flashes of lightning cut across the rising cloud. The thunder was nearer. Sharp snatches of wind began to pull fiercely at the man walking on the track. After awhile he crept under some low bushes at the side of the track and the storm broke upon him. Crouching low he waited, beaten by the rain, pushed and buffeted by the wind, the lightning wrapping him about and the earth trembling beneath him with the rolling of the thunder. Then, muttering like a cowed wild creature, its fury spent, the storm died away.

Bascome Brown stood up, shook his slight body and went on. His head hurt him again. He had not been able to think clearly. He felt like a man in a dream. At one of the cabins a kind-hearted woman had bathed his head and bound it up, but he had taken the bandages off when the pain throbbed again. There had been no cut, hardly a bruise, but his head was queer. That was what he had told the woman.

It was almost dark when he came to a trestle under which flowed a deep, narrow stream with steep, high banks. It made him dizzy to look down. Night was settling upon the world. In low places it was already quite dark. The banks of the stream were filled with a surging, rushing darkness.

There were trees about the stream and they had been tossed and broken by the storm. At the end of the trestle, Bascome Brown stopped. A heavy tree had fallen across the track. It had broken there and part of it had fallen away, but the wet, leafy limbs obstructed the road.

Thinking only of his progress, the man threw the branches aside, and then stepped, looking down. The lingering light, gleaming along the rails showed that the falling tree had done disastrous work.

"A bent rail! That means——"

He took out his watch. He had forgotten to wind it. Some time ago he had passed through a town. Before the storm, he thought it was. He had not noticed what town it was. He was not sure if he had not changed roads farther back, somewhere, and he could not recollect anything about the trestle. He had walked that far like a man in a dream.

But the bent rail roused him. This means trouble. If a train should come. He might stay ahd perhaps save the train. Should he? He had begun to feel strangely weak and tired. A country road that crossed the creek near the trestle wound round the hill and came alongside the track just beyond. Bascom Brown, walking back and forth, saw the road, and it looked cool and inviting and as if it led to a resting place somewhere. Perhaps there was a house near. He would walk a little way and listen for the train. The bent rail troubled him when he was out of sight of it like a worry that we may set aside for time to cure. The feeling of weariness grew. Stepping off the track he walked along the country road.

When it was quite dark he saw a light twinkling invitingly before him. And then a small house with the door open and a lamp burning on a small table in the center of the room. Beside the table sat a man, broad-shouldered and good-looking. Yellow curls were piled carelessly over his big head, and his face was fair and ruddy. He was reading in a low, quiet voice to a woman who sat on a low stool at his feet.

The man at the door moved a step to see the woman's face. It was one of singular beauty. Dark, with soft curls of jet black hair about it, and great black-lashed eyes, that were soft and velvety and blue as a wild morning glory. Eyes that were happy and quiet now, and perfect, smiling lips and a softly dimpled chin. She was looking up into the man's face as he read to her. Suddenly her face changed, and she stood up, a slight, graceful figure, in a thin, soft gown.

"Did I hear something, Leo?"

"The wind, Margery. The storm sobbing itself to sleep." He laid his big hand on her arm as if he would press her back to her seat.

"No; it was a step. Ah, I am right. A man is at the door. Let, I wonder——" She drew back, her face paling a little. The big man crossed over to the door.

"A stranger, Margery, wet and hungry and tired, and," lowering his voice, and bending nearer to her, "not quite clear in his head, poor fellow." The stranger was close behind the big man, his eyes on Margery's face.

"You shall go to bed at once, sir, and rest---" she began.

"Food first, Margery. You get that while I see to a fire. We must dry the clothes, you know."

Bascome Brown sat down in the ruddy fire light. The blazes and coals were full of bent rails and in the crackling of the dry burning twigs sounded the jar and rush and shriek of innumerable trains, but he sat looking and listening quietly. A sort of nightmare seemed to have come into his dream. He could not tell these people of the bent rail. Even then he wondered vaguely why. But his tongue was tied. He

"A bent rail! That means a wreck!"

seemed to see, through the distance and darkness the bent rail. He was listening, listening for the train. He sat dumb before them, eating and drinking and watching the two with grave, troubled eyes, but he could not compel himself to speak. The effort brought heavy beads of perspiration to his brow.

After a while he was in bed. Wearily he stretched his aching limbs between the clean, smooth sheets. A sense of rest and comfort came upon him and he slept. Slept, and outside was the bent rail, and only he knew. Not even he, now, for he slept heavily, dreamlessly.

Suddenly he awoke. What had happened? The house was still, no noise disturbed the quiet of the dark night. But there was a half-feeling that something unusual had happened while his body lay in sleep. His wife slept near now. She had said a prayer and read done him a world of good. But what had happened? His door was wide opened directly into the little sitting room. Through it he saw that the outer door was open. The lamp still burned on the center table.

He lay very quiet trying to recollect if he had been roused by any sound. All was still. Then there came to him the sound of a low, agonized groan, and a slow, halting sigh. And he saw, framed in the outer doorway, standing out clear and sharp against the darkness, a man.

A man tall and finely formed with a beautiful dark face and clustering curls that was like the face of a fallen angel, defiant, and dark with hate.

The man lying quietly in his bed watched it with a curious fascination as the light shone down upon the handsome bold face brought out the look of wild passion and deep hate that distorted it.

Suddenly the flashing eyes looked downward. The face face softened.

"Margery! I loved you. Did you think it was only an idle threat? If you had come with me——" He paused. "I went on to the night——"

Bascome Brown sat up in his bed. A strange feeling of desolation and dread came upon him. There was no answer to the passionate words that had seemed to wring themselves from the man's heart.

Why had Margery answered? What made the house so terribly quiet? A fear that he did not understand possessed him. Upon what was the softly flickering light in the next room shining?

Ah, a sound at last! The wailing cry of a troubled child. What there a child in the house? The light flared a little. A light, pattering sound broke the silence. And then he saw a child, a wee thing with a night gown reaching to its bare feet and a tiny ruffled night cap tied in a rim of short black curls above the small white face. Slowly the child ventured and farther and farther into the sitting room, passing between the watching eyes and the door, and then still in his sight, she stopped, horror-stricken and silent.

Her white face, her bulging eyes, her little covering form—what was there before her? The man sprang from his bed, and stumbling over a chair, found that his clothes had been dried and made ready for him. He drew part of them on and went into the outer room toward the motionless figure that stood there.

On the floor before the smouldering fire where he had been fed and comforted lay—God in heaven, what was it?

He reeled, staggered, swung slowly, the blood freezing in his veins. It was a dream; he knew that it was a dream, for there is no wild horrible dream! The shriek of an engine sounded near and far, and the man's brain, tortured, awake now, fully himself. But the bent rail was forgotten. He heard the roar and the crash of train, but the danger was lost to him. For he saw on the floor the night man and the beautiful woman lying dead. From the man's breast a small, dark stream slowly widened, making little glistening pools where the bare floor was sunken. Upon his face not the quiet that comes when the restless spirit is gone.

Near him lay the woman, white and beautiful, with a dark wound on her forehead. Tonight a kindly dead had been done beside the weeping heartbroken, and later this had happened! This!

How could it have happened? What did it mean? Who had done it? He looked around. The child's eyes were on his face. He saw the wonder, the relief, the simple pleading of the look, and he said out loud, scarcely aware that he spoke to him, and he caught her to his breast. How the little thing trembled. Silently she stood there by the man and the child looking down at the horrible sight.

After awhile, though the darkness of man came running. He and without his coat, the dressing gown and without his coat. His face with its horror and affright fitted into the awful scene.

"A wreck, a wreck! I managed to come —I—I—have only come to get a ship!" cried the man, and fell forward unconscious.

Then a train had sped upon Bascome Brown with the sight of this new face. Who had done this? The world would insist upon an answer.

Forgetting that the child clung to him, Bascome Brown arose. Passing the little table upon which the lamp burned, he struck it in some way, and it fell and crash it fell. But he fled on, leaving behind him a wall of fire that seemed to rise by some evil demon. On, across the prostrate body in the doorway, out into the night, cool darkness of the night. Mechanically he held the clinging, terrified child.

On and on down the little country road with the child clinging to him, and the awful horrible thing anywhere but here, anywhere! Here and there on the leafy trees he saw a gleam of light. The breeze breathed it, it was low, crackling sound from the burning house. But he sped on.

And then a sound came against the wind. High, thin, agonized shrieks! The child in his arms shook his neck, shivering. A little quivering cry escaped her. In the end he held him by a dark object. He stopped it was. It was a thin flannel coat—a man's coat thrown here since the rain had ceased—a coat that belonged to the man who had come from the wreck and who was being consumed in the burning cottage. It was dry and the child shivered violently. He wrapped the coat about her and hurried on. He was nearing the railroad now. He could hear men calling to each other to send, hoarse voices. Now and then the shrill cry of a woman cut its way to him.

Then he stood on the railroad track. The bent rail! He thought of it again now. Calmly, the wild fright suddenly gone, he noted down at what lay before him under the shining summer stars. The blazing engine half-hurled in the earth, the heaped-up coaches piled across the stream, the slowly-gathering water. The men carrying lights and then men moving excitedly in the still little ring they made. The wreck! After all he had not saved the train. And then he remembered the night that had been his escape. He was a child of chance and he had no right to take himself to task.

For awhile he looked down calmly, the frightened child holding fast to him, then he felt dizzy again, and as if it all might be floating away, leaving him to sink softly into a throbbing, luminous nothingness.

CHAPTER II.

MR. NORMAN BARRYWELL.

A low, sobbing cry came to him in curious little undecided waves. He began to feel his way feebly into the darkness, toward a kind, compassionate voice, was saying:

"Poor fellow! Poor fellow, though he has wrapped her in his own coat; take it off and let me fold this about you. Come, come, you are safe now. What a pretty face—a little girl. There, something has fallen from the coat."

And then another voice—a woman's:

"A card case. Ah, here is his name—a good thing in a time like this. Take it down, Ned. Norman Barrywell, that is his name. It doesn't matter so much about the child, but don't forget that the poor——"

"Mr. Norman Barrywell and child among the living, for he——"

"Ah, Mr. Barrywell are all right, sir, aren't you? Close call, this. I guess you can be going now. The train will start soon. Where's the trouble, Mr. Barrywell——"

Bascome Brown, the seeming Mr. Barrywell, laid his hand on his head.

"A bad rap on the head, eh? Well, it might have been worse. The baby's all right; quite a tumble for a two-year-old. Able to walk a little, sir? There, mother, you take the baby. A hand here. Ned. We'll get them into one of the carriages."

"Children of chance!" Bascome Brown said, as he lay on his cool white pillows in his room at the Barrywell mansion. Then he repeated, laying his hand on the dark curly head of the sleeping child beside him, "We are children of chance, baby, and we've been drifted together, you and I, by some mysterious means. Nothing, maybe, wonder what it means? Nothing, maybe, a great deal, perhaps. We are atoms blown about in the storms of life. Mr. Barrywell, they call me. And why not? What's in a name? They, too, come by chance. I shall not contradict them. One name suits me as well as another. Explanations are difficult and galling is say. And you troublesome and perhaps a bit queer, but I are my baby. It seems a bit queer, but I have no earthly reason to complain. I like to feel your little clinging hands. We'll just drift together till chance parts us. No word of mine shall do it."

He thought of the little house at the end of the wood road. He wanted to know what that tragedy was like that the world's print called crime. But he asked no question of any that came about him.

The physician came and doctor came in. He talked cheerfully about everything but the accident. Apparently he never meant to say, very cautiously, that Mr. Barrywell's trunk had been saved from the wreck and was even now being brought up.

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"Quercest thing, sir, but it's only bruised and smashed. Not broken nor injured by the water."

And then two men came in with it. A large, strong trunk, bruised and battered, but not crushed or broken. In places the leather covering was torn off, but across the end in large white letters was the name, Norman Barrywell. Below the name the cover was torn away so there was nothing to show where Mr. Barrywell belonged.

"I'm very glad you have your trunk, Mr. Barrywell. Were you traveling alone with the child?"

"Yes, we were traveling alone," Mr. Barrywell answered.

"Her mother——"

"Her mother is dead," Mr. Barrywell said, thinking again of the pale cold face on the cabin floor.

"Ah, poor little thing. I nope she is like her mother, Mr. Barrywell."

"Yes, like thank you. Her name is—Margery."

"A pretty English-sounding name. I fear little Margery's clothes were not packed with yours, Not? Then we must give them up, mustn't we, dears burned, you know, and—no, I forgot. I mean the ladies are getting together some clothes now for the Boy."

Mr. Barrywell thanked him gravely and the doctor examined his head, asked a few questions about the nature of the pain, rubbed his hands, and said something about a doctor in a hospital who should be here now. Then, even more cheerful than he had been at first, the little man went away.

"Brother of there's anything really the matter with me? To be sure my head doesn't clear up as it should. But——And so that is Margery's name? Was that right? The cost—perhaps he threw that aside as a ruse. Well, I can only wait and see."

His head grew dizzy as he tried to reason it out. The pain was slight. He fell asleep alone with the child who slept beside him. He fastened the door and the windows before he slept. Never knew how the locksmith had left him and raised the lid.

The trunk was filled with clothing with clothing made for a man about the size of the one who handled it so carefully now, and marked with the name that was on the card case. He touched the things with fascinating fingers. It seemed very queer for an honest man. Then he laughed.

"I am getting used to Barrywell. These are mine." A letter in a plain envelope attracted his attention. It was unopened and was addressed to "Mr. Norman Barrywell, Washington, D. C."

Blind hands he opened it and read:

"I am sorry, dear old boy, that you feel obliged to act in such a manner. It seems morbid and unnatural to shrink as you do from the sympathy of your friends and to conclude that a very serious trouble is upon you before you have taken pains to investigate it. I know what you would say, still I must remind you that there is no reason why you should your worst fears be realized, there is no reason why you should give up your home and your friends and live in the wilds among strangers. It is true that I am getting on a great one, all the harder to bear that you are so utterly alone in the world. But this only confirms me out in persisting that you need your friends now, more than ever. Reconsider your decision, man, and write to me when you are settled, or when you rest anywhere. I'll not say I want and you a friendly line occasionally. Good-by, old man. You need no assurance of the love of your old chum.

"DAN."

So I am a man alone in the world, a man hiding from even his best friend. A man with a shadow over him. Wonder what it is? Some terrible mistake. There was no other paper of any kind except a heavy letter case that was fastened to the bottom of the trunk as if its use was a covering for the letter case in the trunk.

But in his careful search the man raised even this. And beneath it were two thin, strong envelopes of paper. And in these —his head reeled. Money! Crisp new bank notes and fifties! Only a few of them. And they had belonged to a man who was alone in the world, a man who had just escaped in the fire that awful night. And they had drifted here to the empty hands of a man who had chanced upon it all over. A rap sounded at the door. Carefully closing the bills and envelopes in place he went to the door, stumbling over a heap of clothing on the way.

The doctor's cheery little wife entered.

"Why, Mr. Barrywell, I've come to help you with that heap of clothing. Land's sakes! how you've picked the baby. I shall dress her at once. How pretty she is! What is your name, sister?"

The child said "baby," and began to cry, asking in soft little sobs for its mother.

The doctor's wife comforted her, tears in the kindly eyes.

"The doctor told me, sir. I am indeed very sorry for you. Yes, he mentioned her name, Margery. I suppose it is right, and it suits her." The doctor's wife petted the pretty child, who seemed very glad of the friendliness. And all while she remembered the nurse she had secured for the baby.

"I have been very fortunate," Mrs. O'Conner is an excellent woman, and she is willing to take her. Her daughter has outgrown her and she meant to rest, but that, you know is the way of young people. And she will go with you to—I don't believe we know where you are going."

"My plans are much disturbed, Mrs. Brent."

"Yes, though you are so much better off than most of them! It is a miracle that you were not all burned up, sir. I wonder even yet how it happened?"

"I think I shall never know how it all came about."

"That is what the doctor says. It was indeed an awful awful day today that a house was burned in the midst of it all, but I don't know. One hears so many things."

"A house?"

"A small place, it was, but I have heard so many conflicting stories about it."

"Was anybody hurt?" he asked, his voice very low.

"I've heard so, but I really can't tell you. And besides, the doctor doesn't want you troubled. There, isn't little Margery fresh and sweet now? She is a very shy and timid child, Mr. Barrywell."

The little old lady was gone, the doctor had made his visit. Night had come and he was alone. Stealthily Mr. Barrywell crept to the trunk, going over twice to try

"There Are No Birds in Last Year's Nest."

So wrote Longfellow, and in Spring days the birds are getting new nests. Their blood beats warm and hearty with expectation, but how about yours, my friend, is it warm and hearty, vigorous and pure? If not, turn at once to that tried and true remedy, Hood's Sarsaparilla, the world's best Spring Medicine for making impure blood clear and pure. The difference in a person's feelings before and after using it is phenomenal. Hood's never disappoints.

GRIP COLD—"My boy had a terrible grip cold and was very much run down. Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills made him strong and healthy." Mrs. Thos. A. Osborn, Norwalk, Conn.

TIRED FEELING—"While tending my children, I had malarial fever. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it relieved me of that tired feeling." Mrs. Jos. Lamb, 27 Mrs. C. Robertson, 238 Sixth Av., Roanoke, Va.

SICK HEADACHE—"Wonderful things have happened to me from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sick headache, loss of appetite, nervousness and that awful tired feeling all disappeared." Miss Nora Comer, Perry, Ill.

TETTER—"My grandmother had a deal of trouble with scrofula in her head. Hood's Sarsaparilla removed it. I use it myself with good results." Miss Ada M. Bowen, Dover, Ill.

SICK HEADACHE—"After having sick headache and bad stomach for a long time, I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which did me good. I feel stronger and better every day." Mrs. Wm. P. Alger, Jasper, N. Y.

NERVOUSNESS—"I was sick for over a year, with neuralgic pains, dizziness, nervousness and bad feelings in my head. Five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla perfectly cured me." Mrs. Fred A. Turner, Barre, Vt.

WEAKNESS—"My mother was weak but Hood's Sarsaparilla has made her strong." George Lapoint, 1 Mechanic Street, Nashua, N. H.

IMPURE BLOOD—"I was troubled with pimples, resulting from impure blood. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, I have entirely lost the pimples have disappeared and I am well." W. H. Mullins, 1275 N. 3rd St., Indianapolis, Ind.

BLADDER TROUBLES—"Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me so much good for my bladder trouble that I cannot praise it enough to recommend it heartily to others. Am in better health than for 25 years." Rev. E. J. Mooney, Ogden, Utah.

CONSUMPTION—"After the grip I had bad cough, dizziness and slight sweats. Humor broke out and consumption was diagnosed. One bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla helped me and four bottles cured me perfectly." Mrs. N. D. Kidney, Morris, Conn.

PIMPLES—"I used to be troubled with malaria and pimples; a friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have been well ever since." W. Stewart, 855 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM—"For several winters I was confined to my bed from rheumatism, but I cured myself by using Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I now take regularly." John I. Morris, 140 Miller Street, Utica, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

the door. Slowly he counted the money. But his head was not clear. His could not remember. But he touched the crisp bills and the yellow coin lingeringly.

"A name and a fortune for the taking. It isn't easy going back now. And why should I? A child of chance. Yes, a child of chance. I shall not forget my allegiance. I shall not resist. We have drifted together, we'll not complain. I shall do nothing but submit to what comes. A passive crime it is if it is a crime at all. I am done with effort and action." The dazed queer feeling had come back, and he crept to his bed, with the key of the trunk under his pillow.

When morning came he dressed himself in a suit taken from the well-filled trunk.

"He seems a friendless sort of chap, so nobody'll be complaining about my appearance." He stood before the dressing case, a man of fair size, stooped a little. His face was worn and haggard. It had been clean-shaven, but a week-old beard darkened it now. His eyes were frank and well opened, his lips thin and well cut, his forehead high and his chin square. He might be anywhere from twenty-five to thirty-five.

Not an unusual looking man, was the new Mr. Barrywell. Good looking enough, but not striking in any way. A quiet, man, one would take him to be, kindly disposed and honest.

"I'll risk it," he said aloud. "It's luck turned my way. I've nothing to lose, and there must be something in the life of Jerman Barrywell that is worth while. If there is, going how little there is that is worth while, it's a pity to let it go to nothing because he has gone on to better things. He is alone—rather he was alone—and fate has put me in his place."

The nurse came in with little Margery. She was crying softly and begging for her mother.

"It can't have been long, sir."

"No, it hasn't been long," he said.

Mrs. O'Conner was a discreet woman of mature years. She had been recommended by her late employers. The doctor's wife had attended to it all. Mr. Barrywell was not well enough to be troubled.

Mrs. O'Conner was a quiet woman with a round, rosy face and smooth iron-gray hair looped carefully over prominent ears and held in a round knot at the back with a tall black comb. Her eyes were gray and kindly and her face was lined like a shriveled winter apple.

She wore a black gown with white apron and collar. Mr. Barrywell had expressed himself as being pleased with her. He saw no reason this morning for a change of views.

In the evening Mr. Barrywell crept down to the office at the front of the hotel. A number of men were gathered here. Victims of the wreck, some of them were, and others were friends coming and going. Mr. Barrywell paled a little. Suppose his friend had come? What should he do if this "Jean" of the queer letter looked for him?

Over by a window was a man shoving a strip of paper and talking freely to his group about him. Mr. Barrywell could not drag his eyes away. The man noticed him and came forward.

Mr. Barrywell's face whitened. Smilingly the man spoke on.

"His name, please," the man said to one of the clerks.

"Barrywell—Norman Barrywell."

This story and mysterious romance will be finished in next week's Ledger. Our liberal subscription offer appears on page thirteen.

He—Now just imagine you were cast away on a desert island, with no human being to come to your relief.

She (interrupting)—Oh, that would be dreadful! My dress buttons at the back!

A BROKEN COURTSHIP.

Out of the shadows of the garden two people came into the moonlight and leaned over the little chain that encircled the small fountain into whose basin a marble Hebe continually emptied her ever brimming cup.

They were not unlike, these two. Both were splendidly built; both were dark; both were romantic. The tie of blood was between them, for they were cousins, though, as the Scotch say, "far-away cousins," and bearing different names. They had been brought up under one roof, and Lena Michel's mother had been all the mother the little orphan Henri Kieber knew.

"It is cruel of grandpa," she said, "it is very cruel, indeed. There are people think only of money. Why can they not let us have peace when we could be so happy? It is such an absurd idea—you and I to marry each other! We are like brother and sister. Nothing can change that."

"But we are not brother and sister," said he, "and even first cousins marry. I have been thinking that——"

"Give me a kind kiss, Brother Henri," said she, "and never, never speak of this absurdity again. As for marrying, I shall never marry anyone. Why should I when I detest the thought?"

Henri gave a little sigh.

"I shall never marry, either, Cousin Lena," said he; "but, you see, we are not brother and sister. You can't make it so by saying so."

Then he kissed her, and they walked back into the house where Grandpapa Kieber and Grandaunte Michel had just settled the matrimonial prospects of these two young cousins to their own satisfaction. The result of the young people's rebellion was a quarrel.

The end of all this was that one fine morning Henri Kieber found himself turned out into the world to seek his fortune, and long ere his cousin had risen, eyes were closed upon the dawn he had left Munich and his furious relatives behind him, more than did anything was heard of him by his friends in Munich for many and long years.

The old people were unforgiving. Grandfather Kieber died and left all his money to Lena, who had already refused two excellent matches.

She waited two years and heard nothing of her cousin Henri and at last found herself in Paris.

Lena Michel spent many hours with her eyes fixed on space, and those that never saw for the living face that haunted her, but one day she awoke to a wondrous interest in a small picture which hung in a small dealer's gallery in which she found herself.

It was a simple scene. A moonlit garden, the distance filling with undefined shadows, a fountain into which Hebe emptied her cup and by the fountain's brim a youth and a young girl. It was the garden of her grandfather's old house at Munich, and it was more than charm. For that was Henri and surely that black-haired girl was not unlike herself.

"Is this picture for sale?" she asked the dealer.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I think the artist is mad," he said. "This is the first picture anyone has wanted to buy and he refuses to sell it. Perhaps a price sufficient will tempt him, but if I give his address the lady will remember my commission?"

The lady promised faithfully to do so.

"It is a very pretty sweet—he is very poor," said the dealer, as he gave her the number written on a card. "The fifth floor," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Lena Michel stepped into her carriage and soon, followed by her maid, climbed the stairs of a dingy dwelling and rapped upon the door that bore the word "Atelier" upon it.

In a moment a man with a long beard, who held a palette in his hand, opened the door for her and stood regarding the apparition of a closely veiled lady with her maid with some surprise.

"I speak of the painted of the picture at M.—" she said the Fraulein Michel. "The garden and fountain and the lady I wish to buy it for."

"Madam," said the artist, "I regret to say that picture is not to be sold."

"But I must have it," said the lady. "I am sorry, madame, indeed."

"I am poor," said the artist, "but it has no price."

"Listen, sir," said the lady. "It is more than a picture that I wish—it is a requirement. It's like a—a place I know. I beg for it. I implore you to sell it to me."

"Madame," said the artist, "I see you have a heart. I will speak plainly. Long ago I fell—well, in the only manner I ever did—inside that fountain—a fountain in old Munich. I was a young idiot. I did not even know my own heart, but I know it now. I

I KNOW THEY'RE THINKING OF ME.

Tonight with my thoughts in silence I sit,
And think of the friends I've met in the past;
Fond memories of them are brought to my mind,
For I know they're thinking of me.

Perhaps amid sadness and visions of fears
They greet that my soul is happy and free,
And oh, how I seem to hear their sighs and tears,
While waiting, and longing, and thinking of me.

The old worn out by rude cares surrounded,
And bowed by the weight of years,
And those of the dear land where often I roamed,
I know they are wand'ring and thinking of me.

The darkness of gloom and the brightness of day
Can never, say never, their minds defy free;
They're remembrance is always leading
To treasure,
And that's why they're thinking and longing for me.

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Probably the whole-souled musician does not study the complexion of piano keys, and many would say they prefer to see them delicately toned with age and use, the careful and cleanly housewife would certainly elect to see them otherwise. This is all the more to be encouraged seeing that the yellowing of the ivory is due to the absorption of grease from the finger tips, and while it is possible to remove this and thus pander to the taste for cleanliness it is not possible to perfectly bleach the keys again, thus irritating the aesthetic. However, much may be done, and the way to proceed is to make a paste from whiting and a solution of potash, allowing the mixture to remain on the keys for about twenty-four hours, or according to the amount of restoration that is desired.

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BEFORE THE GATES.

I.
At heaven's high gate each mortal told his story,
And one came crowned with gold, and one with glory.

II.
One said: "I built great temples that arise
With arches that point the pathway to the skies."

III.
And one: "I scattered gold before my door
When rose the raze of all the rabble poor."

IV.
And yet another: "On the heights of Fame,
Toiling obscure, I carved a deathless name."

V.
And then came one in meek and lowly guise:
Not to the angel did he lift his eyes,

VI.
"What had thou done to gain the courts above?"
"Nothing," he said; "All that I knew was love;

VII.
"That love which was—that love which is
And love I gave, and love returned to me!"

VIII.
Then said the angel: "Lift thou up thine eyes,
Enter the shining gates of Paradise!"

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A WORKING GIRL'S VICTORY.

The Tragic Story of Cuthbert Reynold's Sweetheart---In the Toils of Evil Men--- What Love Will Dare and Do.

By EDNA L. TYLER.

[Copyrighted, 1899.]

SYNOPSIS

Cuthbert Reynolds, a young lawyer who has come to New York to enter his uncle's office, rescues Marcella Keith, a beautiful orphan girl, from a ruffian, Dick Mellor, who is beating her. Cuthbert takes her to Mr. Oxnelle's home. There she will grow up with and Cuthbert learns to love her. A beautiful woman from the runaway horse, Mrs. Vance, is furious at losing control of Marcella, whom he intended to marry in order to get the wealth which he knows should be hers. Dick Mellor and his sister Rozie's husband plot to get Marcella to an old house in order to abduct her. They employ her as anonymous letter, saying that information of her dead father and the wealth which belongs to her will be given her if she will call at a certain house. Mrs. Crowley and Marcella go to the house and are seized, the former being left for dead. Mrs. Vance locks Marcella and shut up in a secret cellar. Claudia Merrow, the woman Cuthbert rescues from the runaway horse, takes his brother home to her house, where he meets Claudia's sister Lucy and they fall in love. Claudia becomes jealous of her lover's jealousy. Claudia is the young widow of an old man, who, dying, left her nearly her wealthy. Mrs. Goulding is taken to a hospital, but Marcella cannot be found. Cuthbert is wild with grief.

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

Claudia's visitor arose and advanced with unsteady gait until she stood directly before her evidently dismayed hostess.

"Why have I come here—like—this?" replied the woman, with a contemptuous assumption of dignity. "Why—have—I—come—here?"

"Because—because—" Claudia began to lose her fine house, and because I intend to!"

Claudia recoiled; then the audacity of the proposition seemed to strike her, and she drew her magnificent form to its fullest height, fixing her flashing eyes upon the face of her unwelcome visitor for several seconds, as she replied:

"Margaret Vance, your effrontery is astounding! On what grounds do you base such an extraordinary demand?"

"I—say—to—know!" drawled the woman, with a cunning leer in her bleared, bold eyes. "I think your high mightiness will change your opinion, and you'll be glad to say. 'Share my cottage, gentle maid,' when you hear what I've got to say!"

She staggered and nearly fell, drawling, in a maudlin, mocking tone:

"Kindly be seated, my dear Mrs. Vance. I am pleased to see you."

With a grunt she sank heavily into one of the elegant, cushioned chairs.

Claudia's full, crimson lips compressed with anger, and the indignant blood mounted to her forehead. Reaching out her hand she pressed the electric button.

Scrutinizing to her feet, Mrs. Vance deliberately removed her bonnet and jacket, laying them on a chair, then re-seated herself, calmly waiting for the servant to appear—for she had instantly divined the intention of the mistress of the house. She was not about to have her unwelcome visitor ejected without ceremony.

"So, Claudia Carleton, you intend to turn your mother out of doors?"

She paused to watch the effect of the unexpected words.

Claudia's face turned pale; then the flush returned, and her lip curled with scorn.

"My mother!" she replied, with contempt. "You are not my mother; but were you fifty times over my mother, I would not eject from my premises so low, so vile a woman as you. You, a common drunkard!"

Turning to her servant, who had at this moment appeared, she said, imperiously:

"Show this woman out, and see that she is not admitted again!"

Margaret Vance arose, her eyes gleaming with hate and fury.

"Claudia Merrow! Who are you to turn me out like a dog? A thief! A murderess!" she shrieked, her long, talon-like fingers working convulsively. "You'll put me in your house, will you—me, your mother!"

Claudia pointed to the door, her magnificent eyes ablaze with anger.

"Go, you all she said.

"I will go, but when I produce the long-lost will of your murdered husband, and wrest this fine, golden property from your grasp, perhaps you'll wish for the presence and friendship of Margaret Carleton, your mother!"

Claudia almost fainted. The will of her husband, which she had believed destroyed, found! The room swam about her and she reeled, but instantly recovered herself.

"It is false!"

Had she not with her own eyes seen this very woman tear it up and burn the fragments? Had not this very virago in a fit of temper because she was not remembered in the will, which had left everything to a distant nephew, destroyed it? This was merely a scheme to frighten her; and Claudia's brow cleared.

"Leave my house at once!"

"I won't!" Mrs. Vance stamped her foot angrily.

Grasping the woman by the arm, the servant roughly but firmly forced her to the front door, pushed her outside, dropped her wraps on the steps, closing the portal behind her.

Mrs. Vance stood for several seconds outside the vestibule door, her long, gray hair, which had become loosed during her forcible ejectment, hanging in an untidy coil upon her angular shoulders, her soiled, once white, muslin gown, her face purple with intoxication and fury.

A most unprepossessing specimen of womanhood, the last of birth's curse, her cheek bones standing out prominently, coarse, red complexion with small, bleared, watery eyes full of low cunning, she had never been more to involve the confidence and envy; but with her face aflame and distorted with wrathful grimaces, she was absolutely disgusting.

Ay, shut the door on me if you want to," she muttered, turning and shaking her clenched fist at the closed door. "We'll see the day you'll repent of my name as Margaret Vance."

Picking up her bonnet and jacket, she passed slowly down the steps, heaping invectives upon the mistress of that beautiful home.

After Mrs. Vance had left the parlor, Madam Merrow stood silent in the center of the floor, her thoughts busy with the past.

A sigh left her lips and tears of resentment at the bitter fate which had followed her through life welled up in her eyes and overflowed, large drops splashing upon the white, soft hand.

"If Pate had given me a good mother, I might have been a different woman," she thought bitterly.

Sitting in her room, an hour later, Claudia pondered long over the unexpected appearance of Mrs. Vance.

That it be that the paper she destroyed was not my husband's will, and that I am to be deprived of all my property and forced to go out into the world and earn my living again?" she murmured, the look of anxiety deepening in her eyes.

She arose and paced to and fro in nervous haste, with bowed head and clasped hands.

"It was not enough," she thought, bitterly, "that Margaret Vance—an ill-bred, vulgar woman—should be forced upon me as housekeeper by my husband, but that he should select her for a mistress—insulting me by her very presence—oh! it makes my blood boil to even think of it!"

A wave of indignation swept over her, her breast heaved, her eyes seemed to emit gleams of fire, her breath coming short and quick.

"I won't believe it! It can't be true! She is simply trying to foist herself upon me by concocting this story—and even though it were true"—her lips compressed with sudden determination, and she raised her head proudly—"I will say, with Patrick Henry, 'Let it come!' I can no more than lose this fair inheritance, and I have learned, very recently, that there is something sweet in life beside riches—"

A look of ineffable tenderness crossed the beautiful face and curved the soft full lips, wreathing them in sweetest smiles, while the capricious blood mounted to the ivory brow, till her face was aglow with blushes when she completed her sentence—

"Love!"

She paused awhile at the open window, through which the perfume from the flower garden was wafted on the evening zephyrs.

"Rosie, my emblem of love!" whispered, "is it a good omen, I wonder?"

Reaching across the blessing-table she plucked from a bouquet a beautiful jacqueminot rose, which scarcely more than vied with the crimson in her cheek as she caressed it.

She glanced at her little chatelaine watch. It was still early.

"Eight o'clock," she murmured. "I think I'll see if my guest desires anything further, and bid her good night, that in case I retire—it may be for the last time, since he returns home tomorrow."

Rosie, the servant, responded to the invitation to enter, by pushing open the sliding doors.

Cuthbert arose to greet her, his hand extended cordially. The warm clasp of those fingers thrilled her whole being—her snowy lids drooped, and the love-light which glowed beneath them.

"I trust you are feeling much better this evening, Mr. Reynolds?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. I shall be able to resume my duties downtown tomorrow—I know you must be weary of my presence, and I assure you I am not an unreasonable sort of visitor," he smiled.

"Indeed I am wrong yourself—and me!" interposed Claudia eagerly. "You haven't been the least trouble—I—I have been more than happy at your stay here," and for a moment, then added, "you know you saved my life!"

Something in the tremulous tone, the blushing face and downcast eyes, made the heart-beat beat a little faster than usual, and his own face flushed with something akin to passion.

Was this beautiful woman learning to love him?

A little thrill of ecstasy passed over him at the thought. But some sudden revulsion of feeling which he could not account for.

Between him and this enchanting siren there seemed to float a fairy form, a mass of tangled, golden hair, a pure, innocent face lighted by a pair of wonderful, pleading blue eyes—Marcella Keith's face—and involuntarily, he exclaimed in a tone of passionate fervency and love:

"Marcella!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"MY SOUL IS STAINED WITH MURDER."

The day was inexpressibly drear, but not more so than the thoughts of Marcella, as she gazed out of the window of her room on the side of Mrs. Heath's house.

The autumn leaves were beginning to fall, and with each gust of wind another layer of wet, brown leaves was swept from the huge beech-tree under which stood Mrs. Heath's lawn, adding to the thick carpet with which the grass was already spread, and contributing not a little to the dismal aspect of the day.

Her arm, though still supported by a sling, was nearly healed, and eagerly she welcomed each coming morn as being one day nearer the time when her promise not to attempt to escape should come honorably to an end.

The door behind her opened softly and with light step Roxie Maynard crossed the room, touching her gently on the shoulder.

"Miss Marcella," she whispered, respectfully, "I have brought you something nice, which I hope you'll do me the favor to accept. Dick's gone out, and so has Mrs. Heath, leaving you to my charge. He told me not to give you any delicacies, but I can't bear to see you looking so forlorn and heart-broken and not do something—and I can remove the dishes before they return."

Marcella's soft eyes expressed the gratitude she felt, for knowing Dick Mellor as she did, she was well aware of the treatment to which the poor woman would be subjected should he get the slightest inkling of this compassionate act.

"God bless you, Mrs. Maynard, for your kindness to me," she said, earnestly. "This is not the first time you have braved Dick Mellor's wrath to save me from his rudeness."

She would have clasped Roxie's hand in her own, but the woman drew back, and, putting her apron to her eyes, exclaimed, brokenly:

"No, no, Miss Marcella! It's not for one like me to touch that dainty hand. God knows I'd save you if I dared, but I know that my life would pay for it! He'd murder me!"

Marcella sat at the table and with keen appetite ate the delicious cold chicken, rolls and jelly, and drank the cup of coffee which had been prepared for her.

"Did they taste good, miss?" inquired Mrs. Maynard, eagerly, as though fearful that the question would be an impertinence.

"Indeed they did, and I have much enjoyed this repast," was the grateful reply.

"You must remember, Mrs. Maynard, that it is nearly four weeks since I was brought to this house, and my appetite has not been the most nourishing and appetising—bread and weak tea! It seems to me that I could eat a meal every hour of my lifething I ever ate."

Suddenly, the young girl threw her arm about the woman's neck and pressed a kiss upon her cheek, which the tears were slowly coursing.

"Don't, don't, Marcella, don't!" wept Roxie. "You'll break my heart. You bring back all the miserable past, and it'll kill me!"

Gazing deeply into the honest tear-dimmed eyes of her own Marcella asked:

"My family!" echoed Marcella, wonderingly.

"Yes, miss. But I must hasten if I would tell it before Dick's return. He'd kill me if he knew I told it."

"Then, I kneel here, you distress me," entreated Marcella. "Sit here beside me and tell me your story."

"Oh, no, no! I could never sit there and tell you of my crime—that my soul is stained with murder—I am not fit for one of you! Let me stay here where I belong, at your feet!"

"You a murderess!" exclaimed Marcella, involuntarily drawing back from the kneeling woman, her face growing white.

The rain pattered softly against the window panes and the little clock on the mantel ticked loudly as Roxie, after a painful

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silence, began her remarkable story.

"Sixteen years ago, miss, you were a very little baby, and in the old St. Louis home lived your father and mother and yourself, their only child. As you know, they were quite wealthy and employed a number of servants—among them Dick Mellor, their gardener and carpenter.

"I was the servant—the maid—of Mrs. Mather, their next-door neighbor, a lady of enormous wealth and equally enormous temper. When, at times, Dick would get full, he used to come over there and make himself very much at home with her wine, trusting to luck and to me to get him out of his scrapes, he knowing that she was very fond of me. The time came, however, when patience ceased to be a virtue,' and my mistress ordered him from the premises in no gentle terms, reporting his doings to your father.

"Dick received his discharge in consequence, and in his wrath, he struck your father in the face. The result was that Dick got an awful thrashing, and my brother left, swearing vengeance, first robbing your father's safe of valuable papers and stealing your mother's casket of jewels.

"Your father set the police after him, but they failed to capture him.

"The day Dick disappeared, your father sent my mistress a basket of fruit—grapes and pears, and though she ate but few of them, they made her sick. She was seized with a violent headache, and, at her request, I went to her medicine-chest and got for her what I supposed to be 'sunshine powder.' I administered a dose—God help me! I had made a mistake, for two hours later my mistress lay dying—poisoned! Horrified at my deed, I fled, and, going to New York, hid myself and tried to forget it all. Some years later I married Joe Maynard, and God knows my life has been bitter bad enough to atone for my mistake—for He knows I never intended to kill Mrs. Mather.

She could not proceed further, her voice was choked with grief and remorse. Finally regaining command of her speech, she completed her tale in low but rapid words:

"Of course, Dick learned my secret, and every time I refuse to do his bidding he threatens me with arrest for Mrs. Mather's murder, or I should never have been helping him out in his dirty scheme to steal and marry you.

"Six months after my mistress was poisoned, your father was found dead in the grove, and it was supposed that he had committed suicide in a fit of despondency. But from some talk Dick let fall when he was drunk I learned that he had waylaid and murdered your father. Of course I could never prove it."

The last sentence was uttered in a whisper, as though she feared an unseen presence.

Marcella's eyes dilated with horror as Roxie proceeded:

"My father's murderer!" she exclaimed, excitedly, "and he now wants to marry me! Heaven protect the fatherless and friendless!"

Sinking upon her knees she prayed fervently for deliverance from the power of this monster, while aroused and reverently Roxie listened, her eyes swimming with tears as Marcella asked her Heavenly Father to have mercy and to extend His loving care over the sorrowing woman at her side.

As she rose, her heart comforted and her spirit renewed, a noise at the door attracted their attention and a sneering voice interrupted the calm which had stolen over them.

"Ho, ho! teaching Roxie to pray, are ye? Well, she needs it bad enough; but if Joe Maynard knows about this, I guess he'll teach her better manners," durned quick. Now get out of here!"

With a curl, Dick Mellor sent Roxie weeping from the room.

"Now, come, my bird," he exclaimed, advancing toward Marcella, 'an' give us a kiss."

"How often have I told you that I will never allow you to lay a finger on me, sir!" was answered, indignantly. "And if you attempt it, Dick Mellor, I promise you that you'll be repaid!"

How noble she looked, standing there in calm defiance, her sapphire eyes flashing with spirit! Dick quailed beneath their fire, then replied, sardonically:

"Oh, that's all right, if I can't kiss you I'll take it out of Roxie."

Then, on his ugly face he left the room, and apparently he put his threat into execution, for very soon there came up a series of short, agonized screams, followed by a piteous moaning.

CHAPTER IX.

UNDER THE HORSES' HOOFS.

As the loved name left Cuthbert's lips Claudia recoiled as from a blow, her face paling.

Seizing her hand suddenly to her heart she faltered in a weak tone, though she commanded her will-power to control it:

"Who is Marcella?"

Cuthbert's manly face flushed at the question, and for a moment he remained silent, his dark eyes intently studying the figure on the carpet, then smilingly, in a tender but firm voice, sweet with the cadence of love, he answered:

"Marcella Keith—the best, the purest woman on earth! She is the woman whom I hope to win for my wife."

Not a sound issued from Claudia's white lips, not a tear dimmed the magnificent eyes, but a swift pallor settled upon her face, and, extending her slim white hand, she clasped his fingers closely for a moment, then hastily passed from the room, leaving Cuthbert standing in amaze at her strange behavior.

With all the blindness of people in love he failed to see any occasion for her manner, and speedily forgot it, his thought turning at once to the charming vision which had appeared to him.

Long he pondered, and not being of a superstitious turn of mind, he could offer no solution to the mystery.

"Marcella, my wife!" he uttered the magic words over and over—magic because they thrilled his whole being with such an indescribable ecstasy, because to him they seemed the sweetest words he had ever heard—"Marcella, my wife!"

"Suppose she should not love you?" whispered a small voice. At the thought a pang like a knife thrust pierced his heart, and he seemed almost suffocating.

"So, Claudia Carleton, you intend to turn your mother out of doors!"

The torture was so intense that he could not remain in bed and for long hours he paced his room, thinking of the coming of day, that he might go to the loved one, and, might remove the doubts which encompassed him and made him miserable.

At length as the dawn began to creep through the room he threw himself upon the couch, and, wearily closing his eyes, fell asleep.

A pale, sad face greeted Cuthbert the next morning, for good reasons, when bidding her adieu, he avoided meeting the sorrowful glance of his hostess.

Weeks had passed since Marcella's disappearance. Mrs. Goulding during that time had suffered severe and frequent attacks of love and faithful nursing had stayed the hand of the Grim Destroyer, and the physician pronounced her out of danger.

On the fifteenth day she was removed to her home, where, cared for by a tender husband, she soon became convalescent.

"I'm so worried about that poor girl," sighed the good woman, "and they haven't been able to find the least trace of her."

Mr. Goulding shook his head.

"I can only hope for the best," he replied, sadly. "My heart seems to go out to her in a most singular manner. I've engaged the best detectives in the city to probe the matter, but so far they have very little success, though, from the description you have given me of the parties, and the other circumstances, it is apparent to the police that Dick Mellor was the principal in the affair. If they ever track him he will make things uncomfortably warm for him!"

"And your son, Cuthbert?"

"None, whatever, uncle," replied the young man, "and just now I don't want to have made up my mind on one subject, and that is"—his fair face flushed crimson and he hesitated, then said—"uncle, you have discovered that I love Marcella Keith with my whole heart, and I'll save her or die in the attempt!"

A smile of satisfaction beamed on Mrs. Goulding's face at this announcement.

"I am so glad, Cuthbert, more than glad!" she exclaimed, pressing his firm white hand tenderly. "Marcella Keith is as pure and noble a girl as ever lived! God grant that you may not fall in your undertaking."

"I shall not fail, auntie," he replied, resolutely. "Something tells me that my precious darling will be restored to me. I know it. I feel it here."

He placed his hand over his heart, as though it still its heavy throbbing.

"I am going now," he continued, "to meet the chief of police. I have an engagement with him at three, and it is now half-past two."

Taking his hat from the rack, Cuthbert hastily boarded an electric car, and at the appointed time reached the police headquarters.

"Nothing new, I suppose?" said the chief, laying aside his paper.

"Nothing, sir. I had hoped that you might have some good news," returned Cuthbert, disappointedly.

"The only clew that we have obtained is that Dick Mellor is somewhere in the city; he was at a saloon on the Bowery last evening, but managed to elude the man who spotted him. That place was evidently an old haunt of his, so if he appears there again he will not escape, that's certain."

There was nothing more to be learned, and after a few minutes of conversation Cuthbert bade the chief good-day and left the office.

"If I could only get the slightest clue to aid me," soliloquized the young man, walking slowly along, his clear, bright eyes on the lookout for any chance thread which would enable him to untangle this web of fate. He was about to cross the crowded

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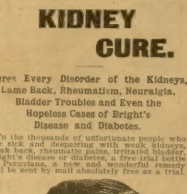

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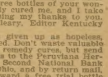

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THE RED MACHETE.

The Fair Conspirator of Porto Rico---A Secret League Oath-Bound to Freedom---Love, Wrong, and Retribution.

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SYNOPSIS.

Colonel Frank Delgarde, an American, has married a wealthy Porto Rico lady and has a beautiful daughter, Angelina, now of age. He has lived in Porto Rico some twenty years. The Spanish governor, Del Rey, wishes to marry the girl, but Delgarde refuses him his daughter, as she does not love the Spaniard. Santa Sara seeks to force Delgarde to consent by claiming that he has learned that Delgarde had left the United States on account of crimes committed twenty years before, and that he would expose and ruin him. Delgarde denies the charges and defies the Spanish. That night the American goes to Santa Sara's house, breaks open the general's desk, and takes the forged papers, but is surprised by an orderly. Delgarde knocks the man down, and, one Delgarde escapes, but is arrested and imprisoned in Morro Castle, charged with conspiracy against the Spanish government. His wife and daughter disappear, and it is soon known on the coast that Admiral Sampson and a fleet of United States warships are off the harbor of Colonel Delgarde. He is shocked to find Delgarde in prison and espouses the accused man's cause. He admires Angelina, and swears to aid her in freeing her father and Porto Rico. He starts with Rosalia and her mother on the yacht for the west coast of the island. He holds Captain Valdos a prisoner and hostage on board the yacht. General Santa Sara, finding that Colonel Delgarde's wife and daughter have escaped, seeks Delgarde in his cell. Delgarde informs to drive the American to write a letter telling the United States to cease hostilities.

CHAPTER XVII.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

When he uttered his defiance of General Santa Sara, Colonel Delgarde looked the Spaniard squarely in the face. There was no bravado in the words or look.

He did not know, as has been seen, that his wife and daughter had escaped from Porto Rico; but having done so, as General Santa Sara had told him, he felt that their native was a good one, and before he would recall them he would die.

Yes, he would make the life a sacrifice to their safety by any mode of death the cruel Spaniard might desire him to suffer, before word of his should recall to the power of his foes his loved wife and child.

Why they had gone he could not tell, and if he thought thereon through his mind that the two most dear to him in all the world had fled to his foe, his face gave no expression of it.

General Santa Sara fairly fumed under the daring stand of his prisoner. He had hoped that Delgarde would recall the sworn and senseless charges against his own life. Now he was sure that he would not. Yet he had registered an oath to have him shot. What should he do?

At last he calmed down and said:

"Delgarde, we have been friends in the past, and you know how highly I have regarded you and your family, and you can feel that I do not wish to carry out my threat against you."

Delgarde was silent.

"Now, if I had known that in your younger days you had only married and deserted a woman, I would have pardoned you, believing that you had some cause for action."

"And pardoned as well my having robbed her father, for with me proved a thief your friendship would still have stood the test, General?"

"Caramba!" and the general uttered the oath with deep feeling. "I was seeking to be kind to you and you sneer at me."

"I neither seek your friendship or desire kindness at your hands.

"I will not quarrel with a man in irons, but I will ask you to recall your family for your own sake.

"They left without my knowledge, and doubtless for good reasons, and I rejoice too much that they are in safety to recall them into your cruel power."

"Do you mean that you did not know of their going?"

"I did not."

"Nor arrange for it?"

"I did not."

"How was it that they had a yacht to meet them on the coast near your home, and departed with the belongings they wished to carry with them and three servants?"

"I did not know all this; but I am glad of it.

"And they left a letter for the plantation overseer, and your business agent in this city, giving their New Orleans address?"

"This I only know now from you; but they arranged well and carried out their plans to perfection; it was my brave child that did it, I fancy, and she is one to be depended upon," said Delgarde, proud of his daughter, whom he was sure, and not her gentle mother, had been the one to act.

"I will give you another chance to write that letter of recall and send it by the fleet torpedo craft to overhaul the yacht."

"You have, Senor Santa Sara, de you think that I am such an arrant fool as not to know that if you had a torpedo boat here to catch the yacht you would wish a letter from me? Why, you would at once have dispatched it in pursuit, to capture or sink the yacht, for I know you.

"I took a bitter oath broke from the Spanish general's lips and he hissed forth:

"I will bring them back if I have to send my pursuers into the United States and kidnap them, for they are Spanish subjects!"

Delgarde laughed and replied:

"You will be dealing with a girl who was clever enough to give you the slip here and will foil you again on the free soil of America. I know all that you will do, all that you have done, and you have not got me into your power, and I do not doubt that you will succeed in getting those I love.

"But you caught me by trickery, when I trusted you, and knowing all that you are, you will spend no more valuable, mark my words, General Santa Sara, so do you worst against me, as I will do against that they can defy you."

The prisoner had spoken serenely and with eyes that burned, and having said what he did he quietly turned and took a seat upon the camp chair in his cell, as though to end the interview.

But General Santa Sara did not leave. He had something else to say. After a moment of silence he said:

"Did you know that my aide, Captain Rafael Valdos, was secretly engaged to your daughter?"

Delgarde smiled incredulously.

"It did not know it.

"It is true.

"As is false as your other statements about me and mine."

"I really believe you did not know the fact, but they were recently engaged and it was from the house of their flight, and where, who fled with them."

"Ah! a Spaniard showing mercy to those in distress in a new department that they were not engaged, and if he helped them I think him, for he is a brave fellow, and a rather liked, and it may be he has hopes of winning Senor Delgarde, that he has gone, as you say, then he is a deserter, and you should send that torpedo boat after the yacht, and bring back him and those with Senor Santa Sara."

He had cruel imprecation General Santa Sara turned on his heel and left the cell.

He had found out nothing, unless it was that Delgarde had not known of his wife and daughter's escape.

As he stepped out of the cell he called back:

"You are to die, Senor Delgarde, as a traitor to the Spanish crown, and your death sentence is signed, and the garrote will be the manner of your departing this life, by Spanish garrotte, and the Spaniard walked briskly away.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SENT IN PURSUIT.

General Santa Sara left the Morro prison to try in other ways to find all he could about the flight of the Senora Delgarde and her daughter, and the mysterious disappearance of his aide.

In regard to Captain Valdos he had given orders that nothing should be said as to his absence, the two sergeants and his valet alone knowing that he had not returned to his quarters. After he had informed himself as fully as he could as to what had happened, the Spanish officer went to the palace to call on the governor-general.

He was a favorite with the representative of the boy king of Spain, the ruler of the island, and he was always most cordial with him.

The little colonel had just returned from the ineffectual pursuit of the strange yacht, and her commander, and was with the governor-general.

Glad to see you, Santa Sara; sit down and hear Senor Soldan's report of his chase of this strange yacht, seen some leagues down the coast and supposed to have been in some mischief."

"He says she was an American craft, and that is natural if she was in mischief; but she showed a striking and daring turning to the young officer the governor-general told him to continue his story.

Senor Soldan, a junior lieutenant in the Spanish navy, saluted General Santa Sara and said:

"I ran under full speed until within a couple of miles of the yacht, which was becalmed, and I expected no trouble; but a stiff breeze sprung up from the land and caught the craft just in time, and away she went at a twelve-knot speed.

"I fired upon her, a dozen shots, but she did not heed them, save to crowd on sail, and we could not keep up with her, try as we might, senor."

"Did you observe well the craft?"

"Yes, Excellenza. She was of remarkably trim build, large and of a peculiar rig, such as I have seen in the Chesapeake bay. The only flag she displayed was a blue field with a red sword in the center, grasped by a human hand, or it may be that I should say that it was a red machete rather, senors, as it was that style of blade. This flag was shown when the yacht fled and if I mistake not it was run up to the peak by a woman."

"A woman!" quickly asked General Santa Sara.

"It appeared so to me, senor general, though I could not tell at the distance, and my glass was broken."

"You would know the yacht again?"

"Oh, yes, senor governor, for the foremast was a single stick, no topmast, while the mainmast had a topmast and hoisted her sail with a peak---that is, she was what they call in the Chesapeake, half buckeye, half schooner, and a better sailer I never saw."

"And her crew, Senor Soldan?"

"I saw three officers and twenty men, and I also saw a negro aboard."

"A negro?"

"Yes, General Santa Sara."

"And you had to let her go?"

"Yes, senors."

"Is there nothing in the harbor that can catch her?"

"Oh, no, senor general."

"May I ask, governor, that you send the senor here, with his vessel, also the torpedo boat and the two cruisers, all in search of that craft, and at once, and if not finding her at once to cruise on the coast of Florida and thence back again?"

The governor-general saw that General Santa Sara had a good motive for his request, and at once said:

"Senor Soldan, you have heard what General Santa Sara has said, so do you go at once to your vessel, give them their commanders orders and all of you put to sea at once, as I wish that yacht captured and brought back to me."

The naval officer saluted and quickly departed, whereupon the governor-general Santa Sara knew about the yacht, and when the door closed upon him the governor-general said:

"Now, Santa Sara, what have you to tell me?"

"In brief, governor, that yacht came to the island for Delgarde's family, and they left upon it for the United States."

"All! it is plain now, Delgarde, as he is soon to be executed as a conspirator."

"It is not best, governor, as with his wife and daughter here in Porto Rico, I had the power to force from the lips of Delgarde all that I want to know about the conspiracy which I feel assured he is the leader of."

"I see; but you feel certain that there is such a conspiracy on foot, for I confess I have not the clew to it?"

"There is, senor, and well managed, indeed. Delgarde was, as I believe you know, an officer in the confederate army in the United States, and his wife and daughter are gone and so we lose that hold upon him, but I have the prisoner and soon shows how well the secret workings of the insurgents are being managed."

"I believe you are right, Santa Sara."

"I know I am, your excellency."

"But they could not carry their wealth with them."

"Only such as they may have converted into gold, while the Senora Delgarde and her daughter have certain property, I think."

"So I have heard."

"There is another feature to their going, governor, and a very ugly one."

"What is that?"

"My aide, Captain Rafael Valdos, has gone with them."

"You do mean it?"

"I do, senor."

"Surprising matter?"

"I hardly know how to accuse him, governor, but the circumstances point strongly in it, I fear."

"Then so, pray, for I can hardly believe Valdos can have lost his head."

"Unless he first lost his heart, and that means that a man who is in love will make a fool of himself, with rare exceptions."

"You should know, general," said the governor-general, with a smile, and he added, seriously: "Tell me how of Valdos."

The story was told of the young officer going as a spy, in the disguise of a private soldier, and of his mysterious disappearance.

"Santa Sara, I would rather believe Valdos captured, or killed, having been discovered, than to feel that he is a traitor, a deserter, and until I know more I will still have faith in him, though as your aide de camp you should know him best. Still I say wait and find out the truth, and it is to be hoped that one of these vessels will capture and bring back that yacht.

"I sincerely hope so, governor; but we will say nothing of Valdos' going yet awhile, and if the cruisers do not catch the yacht then I will find the Delgardes---yes, and my aide, also---and bring them back to San Juan," said General Santa Sara, in his determined way, and he meant it.

CHAPTER XX.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

From the governor-general's palace General Santa Sara rode to a point that commanded a view of the ocean, and he was glad to see that the fleet of vessels dispatched in chase of the fugitive yacht were moving out of the harbor.

They had free up and it had not taken long under Lieutenant Soldan's urgent orders from the governor-general to start them on their way.

The lieutenant had told them the course the yacht was on when he had last seen her, and though she had disappeared wholly from sight, it was hoped that one of the four could overhaul her, or at least head her off in her run to New Orleans, where General Santa Sara was sure she was going.

Right was comfortably housed and had reached his own pleasant home, having dined at the club, and after a smoke entered his library he sent a servant to request his housekeeper, Senora Rosalia Bredin, an American woman was known at the villa, to come to him at her earliest convenience.

The Spanish general rose and greeted her with the most courteous attention, placing a chair for her, and then said:

"Of course you have heard that the Delgardes have escaped?"

"Only what was said by the man who reported to you this morning, sir."

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"They have gone; left in a yacht that took them aboard off their plantation last night."

"And could not be re-taken?"

"That is just it, and vessels, four of them, have gone in pursuit; but if they fail they must be brought back in another way."

"They have gone to the United States, of course."

"Yes, to New Orleans, and I shall at once arrange to send someone there who can track them to their hiding place, entrap them and bring them back to San Juan."

"General Santa Sara, permit me to be the one to do this."

"You?"

"Yes, for I can.'

"A woman?"

"Yes, one who can accomplish what she sets out to do. Your Spanish eyes would attract attention and be at once shadowed by detectives. I, as an American, could get those to help me who would obey my orders, and I can do in the United States what Spaniards could not, and I'll pledge my word to bring that woman and her daughter back to you."

"There are others to be brought, also."

"Who are they?"

"The Porto Rican negroes who are their faithful servants, Nanita, an old woman who was the nurse of the senorita; Nanita, her maid, and Neptune, a powerful negro who was the colonel's body servant."

"I will get them all, but it will cost money."

"I well know that, and I am half-inclined to let you manage it."

"I will not fail you."

"There is still another."

"Who is it?"

"My aide, Captain Rafael Valdos, whom I have reason to believe went with them."

"That tells the story of their escape, for that girl made a fool of him."

"You are right there, senora, for that is my opinion, and he must be brought back with them, for, if he was cousin to the king and guilty, as I believe, he would have to suffer death," savagely said the Spaniard.

"You Spaniards certainly know how to hate, and it is but a very thin partition that divides your love from your hatred," said the woman.

"Yes, Spaniards know how to love, to hate and to seek revenge. But I have decided to allow you to go."

"Thank you, for I shall enjoy the work I have to do, but it will be expensive to you."

"It will cost the government money, not me, for I shall make this official business and the Porto Ricans in the end will have to pay the bill."

"Ah! In that case I need not be economical, and I deserve a liberal recompense, as I see no way now of getting a large bribe out of Colonel Delgarde—no, my silence in his case has not yet proven golden."

"You shall be well paid, but now to hit upon some plan of action."

"To get the money first, then take the steamer leaving port tomorrow for the nearest port in the United States. Upon landing to go to New Orleans, to the address of the Delgardes', and see if they have arrived ahead of me. If they have not, I'll wait for them. If they have I will lay my plan, which, by forged documents will be to entice them all on board some craft, under pretense of joining Colonel Delgarde, who has escaped, for if need be I will cable you to have it so reported.

"The craft will be chartered by me, and her crew will be Spaniards, whom I can pick up in New Orleans. Her destination will be one of the Bahamas, where Colonel Delgarde will be supposed to meet them. General Santa Sara, will you trust me?"

"Carambas! I will. You are a wonderful woman, and you shall receive big pay for your services."

"Thank you, it is what I want. Now arrange for me to leave by the first steamer."

The general did more, everything, and the woman sailed early on the following morning on a chance steamer that had put in, and, for a liberal consideration, agreed to land her at Key West.

CHAPTER XXI.
THE ROVER'S RETURN.

With hate the governing motive of General Santa Sara, and revenge against Delgarde inflaming the woman's breast, the coffers of the Spanish treasury in Porto Rico were opened and Mrs. Anthony Brelin, who claimed to be the deserted wife of the man in El Morro, then under the shadow of death, started forth upon the trail which she was sure, if not the right one, would at least bring gold to her hands.

The prisoner in El Morro had much food for thought as he sat in his dismal cell, knowing only that his wife and daughter had gone, and with them the Senor Captain Rafael Valdos.

He asked no questions; was content to wait news of his loved ones, which would come in time, if they were captured and brought back, and he also awaited, with the same resignation, the doom that he felt would be his, for he had no hope of Spanish mercy being shown him, it being a rare virtue in the make-up of a Spaniard.

"You, my child, would go to San Juan?" said her mother, in alarm.

"Yes, mother, you see no one would know me, so have no fear. My going would do a world of good to all, and I could no what others could not, but I will await the return of Captain Talbot, and see what his plans are."

And while Rozella was plotting and planning, not only for her father's escape from death, but also for the good of her people, Willis Talbot was on his way back to the little haven on the rocky coast that sheltered the exiles.

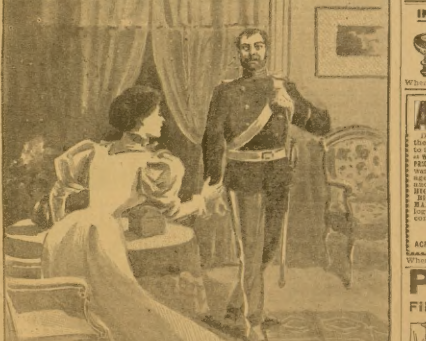
He had made his run to Jamaica, where he knew he could make what purchases he needed, and, securing them, had retreated to a little harbor on the southern coast of the island of Haiti, where he had set his crew to work to metamorphose his yacht into a different rig and color.

First, her color was changed from a snowy white to an olive green, and her sails were given a weather-worn appearance.

Next, her single spar foremast, which tapered like a fishing spar at the truck, was sawed off and a foretopmast was rigged to match the rig of the mainmast.

Both topmasts were made extra large and the bowsprit had been considerably lengthened, in fact, a most expert seaman who had seen the Rover in her former day would not recognize her when altered, as it had been Willis Talbot's pleasure to metamorphose her for some reason he kept to himself.

When the Rover was thoroughly fitted out under her new rig, she set sail one night



"I'll pledge my word to bring that woman and her daughter back."

with the woman, Mrs. Brelin, gone on her mission, the four Spanish cruisers off in search of the fugitive yacht, General Santa Sara could only bide his time, and this he did with very poor grace.

He had gone out to the Ponce plantation several times, to the cliff where the wheel marks were, and in every way possible tried to find some clue to shed more light upon the subject of the going of the Delgardes and his aid.

But all was useless, and he could only wait.

In the meantime, from the little haven in the east end of the island, a small fishing craft had made a couple of runs to San Juan and back.

Noteworthy the fleet little fishing craft went for supplies, and each time it did carry back a good cargo of edibles; but her skipper was also entrusted with an important duty upon each trip, the carrying of a sealed letter to certain persons in San Juan, and bringing back with him responses to these letters.

These letters were written by Senorita Rozella, there is but little doubt, and to those that came back in response appeared to each time more than ordinary pains read them over and over again to her mother, whose comment would be:

"You are a brave girl, Rozella, and I believe you will yet prove yourself the benefactor of our people, and I feel that you will be the one to save your noble father if he can be saved."

"Yes, mother, he must be, and he shall be; but I only hope Porto Ricans will show to themselves patriots as have the Cubans, and be forced to rise and throw off the yoke of Spain, drive off from our beautiful island their Spanish masters, for what are we all but slaves, aye, worse than slaves? I will go to San Juan myself and talk with the secret Junta there, and urge them to deeds, not words."

and her destination was the secret haven of the fair conspirator and her mother.

But stormy weather drove her off her course, and when she at last neared the coast one night nearly three weeks had gone by since her departure, and Talbot was anxious regarding the two fugitives in whom he had become so deeply interested, and with whose fate he had cast his own.

He set the signal agreed upon for Neptune to come out and pilot him in, and lay to while waiting.

The signal was returned from the shore, and soon after a skiff was seen approaching with a single occupant and was soon alongside.

But it was not Neptune that came, only one of the hamlet fishermen, and he brought a letter to the yachtsman which read:

"My daughter has gone to San Juan against all my entreaties. She sailed today in the little fishing craft Vamos—to you I look to save her from worse than death."

Such was the short note from the almost broken-hearted mother of the fair conspirator.

Another installment of this highly interesting story will appear in next week's Ledger. A special subscription offer appears on page four.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

There is a constant, nameless grace
About the dear old-fashioned place
I never can forget.
I find it in the Hollyhocks,
And in the scented rows of Phlox,
The beds of Asters, tyrant clocks,
And darling Mignonette.

The dear old flowers our grand-dams knew,
The dear old shrubs they loved and grew,
Still make it sweet and fair.
The modern grower, who insists
On novelties from seedsmen's lists,
With barbarous names by botanists,
Will find small pleasure there.

WE MAKE MEN,
MARITAL STRENGTH, VITALITY, MANHOOD.
IN TWO TO TEN DAYS.
Nature's own Healer and sex restorer at work. Errors of Youth Premature Decline, Lost Sex Speed, Varicocele and all disorders and diseases of Men from whatever cause, permanently and privately cured.
Weak Men Enlarged and Developed
FREE! FREE! FREE!
Full Confidence Restored and Sustained.
Our method is 10 packages—Vital Sparks, a full month's treatment, 10 doses, sent by mail, closely sealed. Write us.
No C. O. D. fraud, no prescription that you cannot get well by. Not a patent medicine. If they do as we claim, you can pay after you are cured; and we leave it entirely to your honor. Our faith is so great and we know so well the wonderful virtues we can do this. They surprise and please you. They astonish the medical world. They act at once on the urino-genital system, and no miracle of Bible times can equal the wonderful results obtained. Stop night losses in from seven to ten days, so that they never return. Emissions, drains and losses in entire control cease after a few days' treatment. The skin becomes clear, the eyes bright and clear. Confidence returns, step elastic, bowels regular. They stop indigestion, increase the appetite when it is poor, headaches, flushings and nervous symptoms pass away, the head becomes clear, the memory good, the mind bright and active. They make new, rich, red blood, which mantles the cheeks and lips, and makes them rosy with health. Back circles under the eyes disappear, and the weak and puny woman is made a new being, and restored to perfect health and vigorous sexual power. Don't delay. Write us today.
Dr. Jos. Archambault's Vitalizing Vapor Bath, Blood, Brain, Bones and Nerves. Not a stimulating drug to buy for a few days and leave you in a worse condition in the end, but real permanent good always results, no matter how chronic the case. Do not even send us a postage stamp. We think we have the only SURE CURE. Just send us today your name and address, plainly written. We will treat it with all confidence, and for your trouble will send you a valuable War Relic FREE! Now do not hesitate a moment. Write at once. Address as Plainly.
"The Surest Treatment for Sexual Ills and Weaks Known."
Dr. A. C. Archambault Co.,
38 Pemberton Sq., Boston, Mass.

Men Made Over

How to Find Out.
Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out or order.

What to Do.
There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes the necessity of being obliged to get up often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention that you read this generous offer in the Chicago Ledger.

Were many unsuccessful men to live longer, they would make successes; were many successful men to live longer, they would make failures.

INGERSOLL '99 BELL, 25c.

A regular 25c. Nickel Clock (the cyclone ball) can obtain the Patent Rotary Movement, Gong Bell Head Gong (same number) made. Postpaid for 25c. Catalogue of Clocks, Watches, Big Selection of Novelty and Sporting Goods, FREE. R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., Dept. 7, 67 Cortlandt St., N.Y.
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Direct from the factory to the rider at WHOLESALE PRICES. If you want to save a couple months rent and become a RIDING AGENT WE HAVE NO AGENTS. MANUFACTURER'S PRICE, write for catalogue showing eight beautiful models with complete specifications.
Guarantee: Repairs Free and no questions asked.
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PUZZLE
FIND THE PRINCESS.

The picture represents four fairs and a boy and a horse in the woods searching for the Princess. She is hidden in the company of one of them. Can you discover in the picture, number and say your say and her. Many the pictures carefully and see if you can find the Princess. Write her name, and if you find her correctly send her your name. If you do, I will publish next month her, and cut out the pictures and send to be with the name of the one who found her. SOUVENIR POSTAL CARD. You will send you the four beautiful child prize shown, in this advertisement. The following is a description of the four prizes:
PRIZE A is a beautiful white pearl necklace, with a fine clasp in the style. The pearl is of the finest quality and the clasp is exquisite. The pin is exclusive and the latest design. Every lady will want one.
PRIZE B is an elegant gold watch fob. Tiffany style. Every gentleman will find this fob handy in his vest pocket. Tiffany style. Every gentleman will find this fob handy in his vest pocket. Tiffany style. Every gentleman will find this fob handy in his vest pocket

Picture Puzzle.

I wonder where the boss is? Help me find him.

A Providential Rescue.

The good ship Regular, while on a voyage from Liverpool to Bombay, was caught off the Cape of Good Hope in a gale. She sprung a serious leak, and captain and crew had to take to the boisterous sea in open boats. They had run so far off the course of vessels that there was small prospect of rescue. "What seemed the direct intervention of Providence was evident in their case," says Commander Pasco, in "A Roving Commission."

Captain Rol of the French frigate L'Alcmene, who rescued the captain and crew from the boats, tells how it was brought about. He was on the deck of his vessel at the moment, as afterward appeared, when the sinking ship was abandoned, and remarking to the officer of the watch that it was time to change the course of L'Alcmene, he went below to consult the chart.

"I went into my cabin," he says, "for the sole purpose of consulting the chart, but paused for a moment to glance at a book that lay open on the table. There I felt asleep, a most unusual thing for me to do during daylight.

"I slept on, I knew not how long, but when I waked up it was dark and I was both cold and hungry. My last waking thought had been of changing the vessel's course; and I went on deck, supposing that that had been done, but found the ship still steering east.

"'How is this?' I asked; 'did I not direct the course to be altered?'

"'I was told that you were going to consult the chart,' replied the officer, 'and then fix the course.'

"'So I did; what time is it?' I asked.

"'Past midnight, sir; this is the middle watch.'

"'All right,' I said, 'we will continue on this course until we get sights for longitude in the morning.'

"Before that was done we had sighted one boat and rescued its crew; and we kept on the same course until we found the second boat."

Thoughtlessness of Men.

"He tried to kill me!" she wailed.

There were those who thought to comfort her. They pointed out the fact that she was still alive. The villain's murderous designs had failed. She had not even been hurt beyond the shock to her feelings incident to the discovery of the fact that he no longer loved her as of yore, when they walked the green fields together and he helped her over the fences.

For of course even her comforters could not pretend that he loved her after he had made an attempt to destroy her life.

Still, as had been said, the attempt had failed. The intended victim lived, while the would-be assassin was in prison to answer for his attempted crime. This ought to have been reason for gratitude. Had as the situation was, it might have been much worse. He might have succeeded in his attempt, and he might have been made to suffer capitally for his crime. Both extremes had been avoided. Nevertheless she refused to be comforted. She wrung her hands in grief.

"I wouldn't have minded it so much," she went on in her anguish, "if he hadn't tried to kill me with such an old-fashioned weapon as an ax. That sort of thing went out long ago in polite society, and even attempts at murder by throwing lighted lamps are no longer considered the thing."

Here she paused to replenish her supply of breath, for her remarks had been delivered at a rapid gait. Then she resumed her querulous complaint, and after all there seemed to be much reason in her position.

"Why couldn't he," she demanded, "why couldn't he have been up-to-date and sent me a box of poisoned candy?"

They could not answer her, but, moving out slowly, with pity in their countenances, they left her to her great grief.

Oh, why will men be so unmindful of women's feelings?

Arctic Exploration.

For forty-five years we had been imprisoned by the ice, and our situation was becoming desperate. It was not likely that we could hold out forty-five years longer.

In this juncture a ship appeared. An officer disembarked and came to us.

"Who are you?" he asked anxiously.

"We are the Smith party," we replied. "You doubtless are our relief expedition."

"No," said the officer, "the Jones party are your relief expedition. We are the relief expedition of the Jones party. So long."

Merciful heavens! if we were not rescued soon we should be too old to suffer!

American War Ballads.

John R. Musick, Kirksville, Mo., is collecting all the old war ballads, songs of the War of the Revolution, of 1812, and of War with Mexico and War of the Union, with the intention of publishing them in book form. He has over one hundred and fifty, but there are many old ballads once famous, such as "The Battle of Brandywine" and "On the Banks of Champlain" which he has not obtained. This collection of war ballads is purely a patriotic move, and anyone who has an old war ballad should send Mr. Musick a copy. This is the only way that the songs of our ancestors can be preserved for future generations.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"By the way," asked the Observ'ful Idiot, "the fellow who plays the side born plays second, doesn't he?"

"I presume it might be expressed that way by the laity," said the musical boarder.

"What I want to know is, does he have to get his second wind to do so?"

Oblivion.

Hicks—That fellow Aguinaldo is going to be a troublesome character. The government should do something to get him where he would never be heard of again.

Wicks—Yes, the government should fix it some way so that we could elect him vice president in 1900.

He—Why wouldn't you see me yesterday when I called?

She—I was ill.

"But I saw you sitting at the window sewing!"

"Er—well, I was on the mend."

A WILDCAT CONCERN.

Mrs. Kynde—Poor man! and so you were thrown out of employment?
Artificial Oakley—Yes, leddy; der dynamite-factry I worked fer went up.

His Last Chance.

"I'll make out as good a case as I can for you, Pugsley," said the lawyer, as he led his slumbering client into the court room, "but I don't believe we can get a jury in Calhoun county to turn you loose. You see, you've been in this horse-swappin' business so long that you've swindled pretty nearly everybody."

"Yes, sir," acknowledged the prisoner, meekly.

"Even me; but we won't count that. What I want you to do is to sit by me and watch the jurors when they're called, and when you see a man you've traded with let me know and I'll strike him."

"In co'se!"

"Certainly. Then he can't serve, and mebbe we'll get a jury that don't know you. It's our only hope."

Pugsley had enjoyed years of experience before juries, but this was a new feature of the game to him. He accepted it gracefully, however, and during the morning he assisted his counsel in weeding out the panel of talesmen until, to the best of his knowledge and belief, twelve men were accepted whom in some way he had overlooked in his business enterprises. He was complacent at this, but as his lawyer arose to open for the defense Pugsley's eyes drifted to the bench. At once those eyes opened wide and he grasped the lawyer's coattails.

"Boss," he said, with vigor, "swipe d' judge. Only las' week I don' sole him a cayanne-doctored sorrel an'—"

"Silence in court!" said the judge.

"Certainly," responded the lawyer, suavely. "My client just whispered to me that he wished to change his plea and to say that, being guilty, he does not desire to put the county to the expense of a trial."

A Surprise.

Jabbers—What struck you as most surprising about New York?

Havers—The number of people on the streets.

Jabbers—Why, what did you expect?

Havers—Well, from the numberless reports of murders, accidents, assaults and so forth in the papers I expected that pretty much everybody was in the cemeteries and hospitals.

Overawing the Laity.

Say, you will never make a living out of the faith cure business if you insist on charging more than the common doctors.

"That is just the way I shall make a living. People will think it must be a good thing.

You know that tired feeling is exceedingly dangerous. Mr. What is further to say you may know, by a fair trial, that Hood's Sarsaparilla entirely cures it.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion. Price 25 cents.

When He Doesn't Know It.

When he talks in his sleep is about the only time a man can get his wife's absorbed, undivided attention.

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by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Visible Signs.

City Man—Any signs of spring out in the suburbs?

Suburbanite—Yes; we are deciding at my house who we can borrow a lawn mower from.

His View.

Joe—What is your idea of a strong-minded man?

Arthur—Well, he's a fellow who can look at one's best girl without saying his is better looking.

An Illustrated Phrase.

An expansionist.

Improved United States History.

By IKE QUIGLEY, Historian.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COLONY OF VIRGINIA.

If the European countries had continued in their policy of grab and kill it would have only been a short time until the kings would have had no subjects left. Realizing this, a concert of the powers resulted in something like an armistice and a partition of the territory. The French kept to the north, Spain to the south, while England appropriated the middle section. Holland claimed a small chunk near Long Island, and England generously consented to allow her to retain this, remarking, sotto voice, that they would take that little chunk of his limberger after the Dutch had it seasoned properly.

The people of London regarded the new country as a sort of Klondike and imagined that gold grew on trees. The result of such pipe dreams was that many expeditions were fitted out composed of adventurers, gamblers and three-card men; to every real worker there were about a dozen sharks ready to entice the workingman into some nice, easy game and then skin him out of his "dough."

It was worse than a Klondike, for there was no more gold in Virginia than there is in the democratic platform. There was nothing in Virginia at that time but tobacco, wild animals and wild Indians, and it took work to get any of those articles corralled. There could be but one result—a funeral every day and on Sunday two or three. When a fresh shipload of colonists and grub arrived there would be a short respite of the death rate, but as soon as the supplies brought by the new colonists were eaten the Grim Reaper would appear with his rusty old corn knife and make up for lost time.

This was the state of affairs when John Smith came to Virginia accompanied by a few shiploads of hopefuls and a goodly supply of eatables.

John was a genius, an all-around Jack-of-all-trades, and a cuckoo at anything he attempted. He had wrangled with the Queen of England, flirted with the Princess of Timbuctoo, killed Christians as a soldier of the Sultan of Turkey, acted as missionary for the Christians in the wilds of Africa, played harp of Prance several days while that august person was recovering from an overdose of absinthe, made ships—well, it is needless to state all the things he had done, as you can see what kind of a man Jack was. It was to this man Virginia owed her existence. Had it not been for him the people there would never have succeeded in getting the balance in the mortality ledger on the right side.

When the colonists came to him with tears in their eyes, hard luck stories in their mouths, and wanted to feed out of the public granaries, John would say:

"Go to work, you suckers; go to work."

"But I have been working," they would reply. "Yonder man has an hundred pounds of tobacco and I have worked every scheme I know of to get it from him, but he refused to yield."

"Well, you yip-yap," John would reply, "take hoe and hoe corn all day and tonight I will give you a couple of corn-dodgers, a piece of lard pig's foot and a pipeful of tobacco."

John had a careless way of handling his scalping knife that made it easy to enforce his commands, and accordingly he was very much respected, so when fall came around there was lots of corn and tobacco in the storehouses and blisters on the gamblers' hands.

That winter the colonists hunted Indians and other wild game. Sometimes the wild game and Indians would hunt the colonists, and it is chronicled that they found the colonists as often as the colonists found them.

There was not a woman in the colony, and for this reason it should have been a peaceful place to reside. However, John Smith was a "deevil among the wimmen," and he was a man who could adapt himself to the circumstances in any case; so he concluded he would strike up a flirtation with a squaw.

Old King Powhattan held court a short distance up the James river, so one bright day Jack and a number of young bloods started in that direction to do a little exploring.

When nearing the Indian settlement Smith espied a beautiful Indian maiden sitting on the river bank paddling her tootsies in the bright and gleaming water. He tipped his cap and asked her if he could come over and help her wash her feet.

She blushed as red as a copper-colored maiden could under the circumstances and said she guessed he might. So he climbed rowed him to the bank and left him.

John told her he was a noble thing at the settlement down the river and she re-

A pretty Indian maiden sat on the bank dangling her tootsies in the water.

turned to the orb of day just as the fire began to make his corns pop open.

Some celestial body was passing between the earth and the sun as John pointed up. The Indians followed his gaze and were horrified at seeing the Great Spirit hiding his face, just as John had said he would. They scattered that wood in a hurry, but not any too soon to suit John.

After that John was kept by the old chief to make jumping jacks, doll babies and marbles for the children of the village, but he couldn't keep away from Pocahontas, and that came very near ending his life after all. So near in fact that his coco was lying on a flat stone ready to be smashed by a war club in the hands of a husky son of the old chief, when Pocahontas rushed up and laid her head on top of John's, saying:

"Papa, we are pretty much mashed on each other already. Complete the job."

The old chief was an obstinate cuss and he wouldn't do it, just to spite her. As she wanted him to keep Smith in the village he refused; in fact, he wouldn't do anything people asked him to. By that means Smith lived to have the honor to send Powhattan a grindstone, string of beads and a corncob pipe for a present. He also promised Pocahontas to come back for her in the spring tra la, but one day, soon after after his return, he was monkeying with a gun that was not loaded, and after the gun went he concluded to go to England and have the shot picked out. He never came back, but he will always be revered in Virginia, for he bequeathed that state one of its greatest charms, the mint Julep.

Smith's experience with the fair sex in America made him anxious for the welfare of the colonists he had left behind, so on his arrival in England he inserted ads. in all the Female Help Wanted departments of the London papers and succeeded in getting together a couple of shiploads of young women who were anxious to learn if marriage was a failure, yet despaired of an opportunity of testing it in England. With these young ladies he sent a couple of preachers and a big bottle of marriage certificates.

That consignment of cradle-rockers didn't last as long as a drink of whisky when set before a thirsty tramp. They had their pick of the colonists, and they picked 'em out more than the colonists. Bets could splice them. When the supply was exhausted about 386 disconsolate colonists who were of bachelor habits pocketed the shot, with their hands in their pockets and made sarcastic remarks about cold feet, perspective, and other things that bachelors believe make married life unhappy.

The prayer artists had made a good stake splicing the colonists to the ones at so much per splice, and they decided to make more; they bade the supposedly disappointed colonists a fond farewell for a few months. The gospel sharks returned to England and secured another cargo of females to equip the remainder of the colony with better (or worse) halves.

The affairs of the colony on the James now prospered greatly. Other settlements started and from a small one dozen the fair country, while farmers raised corn and tobacco, industry called a day of rest and stray Indians that came prowling about their cabins did the same. Church gathering on Monday, ironed Tuesday, held missionary meeting Wednesday, pink teas Thursday, spring circle and gossip club Friday, and baked Saturday. Sunday they went to church with their husbands and admired or criticised the gowns of the other women.

The men meanwhile had all kinds of political troubles. No one could tell what party to belong to or just when to turn mugwump. The different rulers who graced the throne of England during the colonial history of Virginia made her government

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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WORSE THAN WAR.

"In my judgment all the wars that have ever been fought by the government since its foundation do not equal in importance the gravity of the trust situation."

Mr. Wetmore, former president of the Liggett & Meyer Tobacco company of St. Louis, which was recently absorbed by the tobacco trust, selects a strong comparison to express his sense of the importance of the trust situation, but probably, from his point of view, it is not too strong. Mr. Wetmore has been fighting the trust for twelve years and should have some rather clear notions of its disposition and tendencies. His idea is that trusts are "worse than war," and he suggests some of the dangerous possibilities there would be in a trust of trusts, or combination that would embrace all the combinations in the country.

Such a combination, he declares, is not difficult to imagine. "It would be stronger than any state government. It might be stronger than the courts and even stronger than the general government itself, and without doubt would make stupendous efforts to control legislation and decisions of the courts in its own interests."

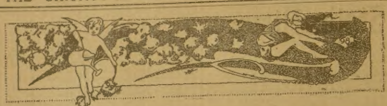
Without doubt it would and without doubt it does, for Mr. Wetmore's trust of trusts is already here in its incipiency.

They buy statues and decisions. They corrupt legislatures, juries, and judges on the bench. To the theoretic economist they are merely advanced methods of production and safeguards against waste, but by the man who lacks the consolations of political economy, or who can see beyond their economic and into their social and political aspects, most of the trusts are recognized as incorporated voracity and corruption. Together and often singly they are stronger than a mere government under ordinary conditions, and they have their agents and confederates in the national government itself. These things are obvious and notorious. Mr. Wetmore contributes nothing new to the case. He merely adds important corroborative testimony.

Here is the condition and here is the tendency. How far the tendency shall be permitted to go is for the people of this country to say. If the time ever comes when the majority of Americans recognize the trusts as the greatest evil of the national existence, and an evil threatening the national institutions and life, they will either crush them or prescribe a limit beyond which they will not dare go.

When a man gets so busy that he doesn't find time to think, he usually does something.

The man who wants loyalty from his employes should remember that most men are loyal to a dollar.



A BIT OF STRATEGY.

BY E. BURROWES.

No one ever disputed the fact that Mrs. Bladon was a distinctly clever woman. And it proved to be an equally undisputable fact that when Ted Lumsden managed to outwit her he became the hero of the hour. It happened on this wise:

Colonel and Mrs. Bladon had a daughter—and a pretty daughter.

Ted Lumsden was young, good-looking, sufficiently well possessed of this world's goods to be able to regard matrimony as quite a necessary and probable pleasant experiment. Given two young people with youth, beauty, and power of attraction, and the solution of the problem is quite simple.

Ted Lumsden loved Nancy Bladon, whilst Nancy—well, she just tolerated him. That was what she said to him; what her real feelings on the subject were is quite another question.

But there was Mrs. Bladon in the matter, and she, like the clever woman she was, said nothing, but thought the more, until one day when for ten minutes she opened her heart to her husband, and for those ten minutes spoke concisely and to the point.

"You understand, Roger," she concluded, "it is not that I object to Lumsden at all; far from it. But what I do object to is the fact that for years—now don't laugh—years, I repeat, this has been going on, and nothing definite has ever come of it. Either he is in no hurry, or else he means nothing, after the fashion of young men of the present day. Enfin, I do not intend Nancy to be kept in a kind of suspense any longer. If she cares for the boy—well, I am sorry; but my mind is quite made upon one point: I shall not encourage Ted to haunt our house any longer. And I shall make it a good excuse to give Nancy three months on the Continent."

"Apres cela—le deluge," muttered Colonel Bladon, lazily. "Well, you know best, my dear; only I don't see why Nancy should be exiled."

"Nonsense; it is no exile to travel for a bit and see a little of the world. At any rate, it will simplify matters, and that is everything."

So it came to pass that a decree went forth, which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, altered not. Miss Bladon, chaperoned by Lady Forsyth, would spend the winter abroad.

"A slight delicacy of chest," murmured clever Mrs. Bladon in answer to inquiries. "No, nothing serious; still, we think a winter abroad advisable, under the circumstances."

And the world took its cue very adroitly, and immediately detected a "transparency" about Nancy's pretty face and round, soft cheeks.

The first inkling of the plot reached Ted Lumsden one sunny afternoon in December when he called at the big house in Berkeley Square in his usual casual way.

"Not at home, sir," said the butler, with immovable countenance; and there was nothing for it but to leave cards and depart. But to her intimate friend, Lady Forsyth, Mrs. Bladon was rather more explicit.

"A little affaire du coeur, my dear Frances, for which there is nothing like change of air and scene. And, I beg of you, let Nancy flirt as much as she pleases. I am delighted you are really going by the Orient to Naples; a delightful voyage, and then there are so many facilities for harmless flirtation in mid-ocean."

Lady Forsyth laughed gaily.

"My good Theresa, no one could be better than I to chaperon Nancy on an ocean voyage. Till we pass Gibraltar I shall be visible to no one but my maid and the stewardess, such is the effect Neptune has upon me. And as for flirtation, your pretty daughter may do that as much as she likes. I shall be none the wiser, and you know how vague and dreamy George is."

The subject of all this commotion rebelled somewhat at this summary measure. But Mrs. Bladon quelled the revolt gently.

"Travel, dearest, will do you a world of good, and you will enjoy the complete change of scene. Besides—your health."

Nancy frowned.

"I am not ill. I hate going abroad. Mother, you have some other reason."

Mrs. Bladon laughed.

"Only for your good, darling. By the way, remember we are dining out tonight; wear your pink dress, dear."

There was no more said on either side, though more than once Miss Bladon was much tempted to reopen the argument.

Curiously enough, she did not see Lumsden again. Fate seemed to be against her, and when the day came on which she was to join Lady Forsyth at Paddington en route for Plymouth, from whence they were to sail in the Orotava, it brought to Nancy a very heavy heart.

Five minutes after she had left the house Lumsden arrived at the hall door.

"Just gone, sir. Miss Bladon's going abroad fer her 'ealth, sir."

"Going abroad! What station?"

"Paddington, sir."

The man's grim face relaxed into a smile as Lumsden dashed down the square and jumped into a passing hansom.

"Double fare if you reach Paddington in five minutes," he shouted, thoroughly roused out of his normal state of lazy contentment by this unexpected move on the enemy's part.

He understood Mrs. Bladon perhaps better than that astute lady imagined.

At Paddington he espied the party—Sir George and Lady Forsyth, with valet and maid and a mass of baggage; Mrs. Bladon, calm and serene, with Nancy lovelier than ever in her dark blue traveling costume with a touch of vivid scarlet at the throat.

She was looking anxiously about her, and as her eyes lighted on Lumsden's dark handsome face and tall, lithe figure she smiled—a little, quick, flashing smile, mingled with a tinge of pink color in her soft cheeks.

He made his way towards her as she was borne towards the Plymouth express in a vortex of people and baggage.

There were only five minutes, and she was going abroad.

Perhaps he had never realized all she was to him till that moment, and in the instant when Mrs. Bladon was saying last words to Lady Forsyth he reached Nancy's side. Their hands met in a long and close clasp.

"I could not believe it—that you were going away," he said, in quick, eager tones; "why did you not tell me?"

"I never saw you," she began, quickly. "You never came, and——"

"Good morning," broke in Mrs. Bladon, not one whit discontented at the unwelcome arrival of Lumsden on the scene. "Yes, Nancy is going abroad. Lucky girl, to escape cold, dreary England; and now, remember, dearest, to wrap up on the voyage, and don't stay up on deck after dinner till you get used to the chily air. Good-by, Frances; send me a line from Gibraltar. How I envy you! Yes, the Orotava is a fine boat. Bon voyage. Good-by, darling."

The train began to glide out of the station, and only a last sweet smile remained to Lumsden, as Mrs. Bladon and he were left standing together on the gloomy platform. Then, when the train had passed out of sight, he swung round and faced Mrs. Bladon with a half-contemptuous smile in his dark, keen eyes.

"Well?" he said, coolly.

She laughed.

"Is it well?" she said, lightly. "You were hardly in time, were you? Nancy will have a delightful time with the Forsyths. Italy, perhaps Algiers; a charming tour away from this fog."

He threw up his head with a sudden characteristic gesture.

"Yes—of course. It was sudden, though. Why was I not told of it?"

They were walking out of the station and Mrs. Bladon fastened her furs closely round her. It was bitterly cold.

"My dear Mr. Lumsden," she said, airily, as he opened the door of her carriage, "am I answerable to you for my doings? And you know it is best."

"Are you sure of that?" he said, coolly. "Perhaps there are two opinions about it. I am a fatalist, Mrs. Bladon."

"Really? I envy you. Can I give you a lift? No? Then home, James."

Lumsden walked quickly away, his pulses beating fast.

"Stay. He had an idea—a brilliant idea. He would not accept defeat so easily. It was early in the day, and he was free for a month. In a month one may do wonders.

* * * * * * *

The sun was shining with dazzling brilliance as the Orotava dropped her anchor between the lightships in Gibraltar harbor, in the shadow of the great gray rock, and as Nancy Bladon looked over the side, eagerly scanning the fascinating scene around her, something of the witchery of that sunny southern air stirred her young blood, and made her pulses beat madly.

The Forsyths were going ashore, and, driving through the narrow streets, Nancy, viewing everything in the light of her own joyous youth, felt enchanted with the picturesque Moors.

As they returned to the ship, and ascended out of the heavy, flat-bottomed boat, another boat came alongside with several passengers. Lady Forsyth had gone into the salon, leaving Nancy leaning against the rail in the dancing sunshine. Presently she half-turned round, and—found herself face to face with Ted Lumsden.

He, cool nonchalant as ever, took her hand, with a quick smile.

"Well, so you see, I am also going abroad—for my health."

There was a significance in the words which made the warm blood leap to Nancy's cheeks.

"But how did you come?" she said, in tones of the utmost astonishment.

"Overland—to Algeciras," he returned, coolly. "Caught the Orotava nicely, and had a day to spare in Gibraltar. Now, that I am here, you will not send me away?"

"Why should I?"

In that moment she understood her mother's tactics. Why should she run away from Fate in the shape of Lumsden?

Lady Forsyth, returning to her charge as they steamed away into the Mediterranean, found her engaged in what appeared to be a very promising flirtation, such as would surely have delighted the heart of clever Mrs. Bladon.

She was secretly charmed with Lumsden, whom she had not noticed at Paddington, and to her letter to Mrs. Bladon, which she was writing to post at Naples, she added a postscript which filled that lady with unholy joy.

"Be quite easy about Nancy; I think all danger is over. A flirtation is in grand progress, and, between ourselves, the man is charming."

She quite forgot to mention his name, which, perhaps, was quite as well for that lady's peace of mind.

To Nancy and Lumsden there ensued a period of bliss. Steaming down the Mediterranean, with very little motion to distrub the equanimity even of Lady Forsyth, what halcyon days those were when, after dinner, in secluded corners of the deck, under the brilliant southern moon, they walked up and down—silent very often, with the silence of a perfect understanding—till one fateful evening when Lumsden resolved to know his fate.

"Do you know, Nancy," he began (he had never called her Nancy before), "before you come away I think your mother took a dislike to me?"

"Oh, no—how could she?" said Nancy. "She always said she liked you. Besides——"

She paused abruptly, and Lumsden stole a glance at her half-averted face, which in the moonlight looked strangely sweet.

"Well, I called to see you several times, and you were always 'not at home.'"

Nancy started.

"Then that day at the station—well, I began to see," he continued, "and I resolved to wait no longer. Nancy, I followed you. I never knew till then how much you were to me; and now can you trust me more and love me a little? I have loved you—always—darling."

Then the inevitable question arose—what would Lady Forsyth say? and further, what about Mrs. Bladon?

Nancy suggested and her suggestion was accepted, that Lady Forsyth should be confided in. So it came to pass that the following morning Lumsden and Lady Forsyth sauntered up and down the deck for some time together, and for ten minutes Lumsden spoke, in cool, level tones, at the end of which time Lady Forsyth laughed and shook her head reprovingly.

"Oh, you men!" she said. "Well, I suppose I can say and do nothing. It only remains for you to have it out with Mrs. Bladon. I have my own opinions."

Lumsden laughed.

Their eyes met with a look of mutual understanding.

"So have I," he said, drily. "Mrs. Bladon is a clever woman. If this sudden voyage had not taken place, who knows but that we might still have been in the throes of uncertainty?"

"Ah!"

It was very clear now to Frances Forsyth that Mrs. Bladon's manoeuvre had been well timed.

For a few short happy days they lingered in Naples, revelling in its beauty.

Then it was arranged that Lumsden should return to England alone, and see Mrs. Bladon. He felt he could not spare so long a holiday abroad, and now that his journey had not been in vain he found himself once more in foggy London, light of heart, cheerful, and cool as ever.

The lamps were lit when he was shown into the drawing room where Mrs. Bladon was busy at her writing table, and he noticed with some inward mirth that there was a distinct increase of cordiality in Mrs. Bladon's manner.

"You're quite a stranger, Mr. Lumsden," she began; "surely you've been out of town. Wise man! If I could only leave these terrible fogs and bitter winds!"

"Yes, Italy now is delightful!"

Mrs. Bladon smiled unconsciously.

"Delicious, so Nancy says. Dear child, this trip is doing her a world of good. She writes such bright, happy letters; and, indeed—you are an old friend of hers, Mr. Lumsden, and there is no harm in telling you—I think, from what Lady Forsyth has told me, that our dear child has found her fate. I know nothing definite, but one can read between the lines."

"Quite so," said Lumsden, with praiseworthy gravity. "Miss Nancy is looking very blooming, I assure you, and we have had a delightful trip. I found that a short holiday was quite necessary for my health, and, oddly enough, I just hit off the Orotava at Gibraltar. That overland service is very useful. So I thought I would come in and let you know how Nancy was."

There was a moment's tense silence, during which they looked at each other steadily, Lumsden with a touch of cold mirth twinkling in his handsome eyes.

"Well?" she said, with a half-mocking smile, while a great triumph swelled within her.

Lumsden laughed.

"Well, shall I tell you how Nancy found her fate—and I mine? But that is a stale story. I found mine long ago, but somehow I never quite realized it till——"

"Yes?"

"That day at Paddington."

"Ah! Well, Ted—I suppose I may call you Ted—of course, you must speak to Colonel Bladon. For myself, Nancy must always please herself, and her choice is mine. Now, I can see how delightful the voyage must have been to you both. You are very clever, Ted."

He laughed happily.

"Is all the credit mine, Mrs. Bladon? I fancy not. Perhaps I may see Colonel Bladon and ask you for a cup of tea."

To Colonel Bladon the whole thing seemed inexplicable.

"You sent the child away from the fellow," he said, sleepily, after Lumsden had left, "and now that they have fallen into each other's arms you are delighted. The inconsistencies of woman! Their name is legion."

"How dense you are, Roger! Don't you see that things might have hung fire if it hadn't been for that trip abroad?"

Colonel Bladon sat up and looked at his wife.

"By Jove! You're a clever woman!"

And she was.

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THE TOUCH OF MIDAS.

BY LUCY FOSTER MADISON.

"You impudent puppy! How dare you aspire to my daughter's? You, you—" His voice choked, and, too much enraged for further utterance, Millionaire Anderson sank back in his chair and gazed fiercely at the young man before him.

Charles Hendricks raised his head proudly.

"It is true, Mr. Anderson, that I have aspired to your daughter's hand; but the fact that I love her and offer her my hand and heart can hardly be termed impudent."

Mr. Anderson gasped. "May I ask," he inquired, sarcastically, "what your prospects are?"

"My salary is small, but I expect a raise soon; and then, we love each other."

"Hah! Love is a fine thing, I suppose. Starvation is the real name. Very pretty in poetry, I'll admit, but in life—nonsense. Let us hear no more of this, young man, until you have a million back of you. Then we'll talk."

"Why not make it two?" cried the young man, hotly, losing control of himself. "The one is as easy to get as the other."

"Two it shall be," returned the millionaire, sardonically, becoming cool as the other lost his temper. "I think myself that it is nearer the mark."

"Perhaps you will allow me a year to obtain it," sneered Charles, reaching for his hat.

"Why not make it two?" suggested the elder man pleasantly.

"Two shall be," returned the other, furiously. "We will consider it a bargain, then. Adelia is mine, provided that I am worth two millions at the end of two years. Very well, sir, I shall have it. Good day."

Charles Hendricks strode moodily down State street, and mechanically entered a restaurant. The time was 5 o'clock in the evening, and the place was full. Presently his ear was caught by some remarks at the same table, that aroused his interest.

"Yes," one was saying, "he looks like a veritable sheik. He is really an Arabian, and is indeed a wonder. He claims that through inoculation of certain plants man can become what he will for the time being.

"Be that as it may," answered Charles, "like the others, I say go, go ahead."

You know ——" (naming the successful author of several books). "He attributes his success to treatment from this Arab. All Chicago is raving over him."

"Let me go after him after we have finished. We can find out his method, and if we wish try it. I confess that I am curious."

"Pardon me," interrupted Charles, addressing them, "I could not help but hear your conversation, and it has interested me. Will you give me the address of this man?"

"1042 Cottage Grove avenue. We are going out there as soon as we have finished our supper. We would be glad of your company."

Charles found that one of his companions had poetical aspirations, while the other was a budding politician; 1042 Cottage Grove avenue was reached in due time. It was a modest, unpretending building of conventional pattern without, but upon being admitted they were impressed by the Oriental nature of the furnishings.

Rugs of rich coloring and rare workmanship covered the floors; the walls were concealed by tapestries; the furniture consisted of bamboo chairs and tables. An atmosphere subdued, warm and perfumed, pervaded the apartment into which they were ushered by an Arabian, presumably a servant or slave.

After passing through several rooms, all furnished according to the same Oriental plan, they came to a conservatory filled with rare flowers. Opening off from the conservatory was a small apartment, which proved to be the laboratory of the philosopher.

Retorts, crucibles, flasks filled with liquids of various colors, all the paraphernalia of the chemist, littered the room, which was occupied by two persons.

One, an aged man, clothed in the white flowing garments of the Orient, advanced to meet them. A long beard which reached almost to the hem of his garment and which gave him a patriarchal look concealed the lower part of his face. While having the appearance of age, there was so much of energy and alertness in his manner that one received the impression of unbounded vitality.

"Have ye also come to try the skill of the philosopher?" he asked in a musical voice.

"We have, O, O," the politician hesitated.

"Doctor Abdallah," completed the Arabian. "I am but the exponent of the art of Akkinda. Mistrusting not the mind of man instead of his body. Be seated, while I continue with this young man."

He turned to the other occupant of the room, whom Charles recognized as a writer of occasional stories for the newspapers.

"Thou art warned, my son; dost thou still wish to continue?"

"Proceed, doctor," said the other firmly, "'Tis deeds, not years, that make life. Let me but write one book that will live, and I care not how short life may be."

Then from the creation have covered you as young to be smitten with fire. Tell me the reason."

"I can not wed the woman I love until I have two millions. Do you wonder now, philosopher, that I wish the touch of Midas?"

"And dost thou remember the fate of Midas? To do know not why it is so, but this desire for gold seems to wither the human heart. The affections are scorched by its fierce heat. I can give thee the aid thou seekest, but reflect well before thou accept it. The fate of Midas is in its hands. It will not be thine, if thou will—that when thy two millions are secured, that all thy being is merged into the one idea: Gold, gold, gold."

"Be that as it may," answered Charles, "like the others, I say go ahead. If you can really give me this power of money getting, I will cheerfully accept the consequences."

The doctor reached for two vials. "For this one time the two are to be blended," he said. "After this thou will need but the one."

"What are they?" queried the young man.

"Extract of Goldenrod and Stock. Leave the last with me, for you will need it but this once. See! I have injected a double portion into the vial. It will be charmed at a slight illness; all will be well with thee and us thou wishest."

"And I use this?" asked Charles, putting the bottle into his vest pocket.

The doctor went on, "Use it not until thy freshest thy powers."

"Thank you," said Charles, taking the place of Midas as usual, and was beginning to berate himself as a fool for believing even for a short time in the efficacy of the Arabian's remedy, when on the ninth day after the inoculation, he was seized with severe pains in the head. Compelled to give up his work, he retired to his room, and soon developed a high fever which rapidly merged into delirium.

Wildly he tossed and raved, but suddenly in the night there came a burst of music. Nearer and nearer it seemed to come, and then he knew that the mysterious tune originated as suddenly as it had begun. Then he lay quietly, his mind unusually clear and active.

In the morning he arose, apparently as well as ever, but that strange clearness remained. Taking up his pen he turned as usual to the stock reports. To his surprise, the figures of the elements had fallen. With a new clear wisdom, he saw that the time had arrived for purchasing, within him told that this was his opportunity. He went hastily down Stock Exchange, taking with him the few hundreds which he possessed.

Men were frantically unloading everywhere. With keen vision and a sharpened judgment that amazed himself, he invested his little all and awaited the result. Before the next twenty-four hours had passed stocks took an upward bound, regained their old place, and were steadily

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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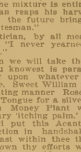

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SYNOPSIS.

Barry Powell, the hero of the story, leaves his home in Harlem to attend Washington Hall, a military boarding school up the Hudson river. On arriving at the school he is barely acquainted with Piggy Mumps, a fat youth; Sam Schump, a country boy, and a number of others. The German boy is annoyed by Hoke Ummer, the bully of the school, and for this, Barry, after a military reception at which he nearly killed by the explosion of a cannon, fights the bully and whips him soundly. Barry and Link go off in a skiff, beat on the lake nearby. As they are sailing around they smell a lobsman, they espy another boat with Hoke Ummer and Bill Gould, the toady, on board. The bully and his toady cannot manage their craft, and, after a race, Barry and Link overtake them, after which the two boats containing Barry and Link begins to sink by a great effort the sinking boat is beached and the lobsters escape. A war of words follows, and Barry knocks the bully over into a pool of mud. On the way to town Barry stops a runaway team driven by Alice Moore, the daughter of a rich judge. He is warmly thanked and asked by Link with him some day and dine at the Judge's mansion. A few days pass and Barry decides to give the boys a feast in one of the spare dormitories. He finds a suitable place for them, and when alone climbs out of the window, expecting to get to the ground by way of a fastened stairside. In the darkness Hoke Ummer creeps up to the antenna ladder, and Barry is heard to fall heavily to the ground.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUT OF THE BURNING.

"Look at Barry Powell!"

A loud cheer, as if from one voice, swept upward in the moonlight.

It died away, and a solemn stillness settled on them, broken only by the crackling flames and the steady thump, thump of the engines.

In a minute—it seemed much longer—our hero appeared with something on his shoulder.

He saw that the ladder was all ablaze, and disappeared again.

On the south end of the building, where the flames had not yet reached, he reappeared on the roof.

A rope! Thank heaven! he will be saved!

No.

It is impossible. He will lose his own life.

He is lowering her in a basket!"

Hurrah! She is saved!"

Such are a few of the whispered exclamations of the excited people.

The child was safe, but hardly had the rope touched the ground when the flames burst out of the window directly beneath the youth.

He must act quickly.

He stands on the burning ladder.

Down he came to the spot enveloped in flames.

It quivered a little, and then fell, carrying him with ground.

They bore Barry, bruised and insensible, from the scene, and directly after the roof fell.

It was several days before Barry could get around again.

He was now more of a hero than ever.

The school whose child he had saved was profuse in her thanks.

"You are one boy in a million," was what she said.

The time flew by until the last Saturday before breaking up came to hand.

During his spare time old Snuff had built an ice boat in the lake, and now he invited Barry and Link to take a free ride with him.

With pleasure!" cried Barry and Link, and off the two boys went.

It was a gloomy day, with a stiff breeze blowing from the southeast.

They were soon on the ice.

The Cadet, as old Snuff called his ice boat, was a homely-looking affair, but she proved a good sailer, and soon they were skimming over the ice at the rate of a mile in fifty seconds.

It looks like a snowstorm, was our hero's comment, after they had been gliding around for a couple of hours. "Don't get away too far from home."

We won't go but a few miles," replied the old boatman.

Our hero was right about the storm. Inside of ten minutes it began to snow, and soon after flakes came down so thickly they could scarcely see ahead of them.

I'll steer for home," said Link. "I don't like this going it blind.

"Nor do I, Link. But can we find the way home?"

"Oh, yes," answered Snuff.

Old Snuff was sure he was right, and he set the sail full, so they might get home as much quicker.

Half a mile was passed, when Barry sprang up.

"We are on the wrong track!" he cried.

"How do you know that?"

"The ice looks different. It is black and rough."

Then we are too far to the left Barry. Help me bring her around," said the old boatman.

The two began to work at the sail and the steering gear.

Suddenly our hero let out a wild yell.

"Look! look!"

He pointed ahead.

There, not over fifty feet ahead, was a big open spot where the ice had parted.

The ice boat was headed directly for the open water.

It looked as if the boys would be thrown into the open water.

The ice boat was going at a good rate of speed.

Not three knew not what to do.

To stop the boat or change her course was entirely out of the question.

"Jump for the ice!" sang out Barry, and he caught his companions by their sleeves.

Our hero's touch seemed to awaken Link and old Snuff to a sense of the situation.

They followed his command.

All three sprang clear and Barry let go of the sail.

The boat landed on their sides and rolled over and over on the ice until a snowdrift stopped them.

In the meantime the ice boat slid on and went into the open water with a loud splash.

It was several seconds before the three could regain their feet.

They were pretty well scratched up, but no further damage had been done.

"That was a narrow escape," said Barry.

"You're right there," shuddered Link. "I wonder where the Cadet is?"

With caution they approached the open spot.

They saw the ice boat drifting along on the other side.

After a good deal of trouble they managed to get the craft out of the big hole and started homeward with her.

The journey was a long one, for they went along through the woods, which ate miles two-thirds down.

"Don't want to run into any more holes," said Link.

"That's so," said old Snuff.

CHAPTER XV.

GOOD FOR EVIL—CONCLUSION

It was the last day of the school term, and the boys were doing more skylarking than anything else.

"I'll be glad enough to see old Raytown again," said Barry to Link.

"You're right. I miss home."

"Yes, and all the good Tom Barnstable, for instance."

And both laughed as they thought of old Tom and his doctored cigar.

For a number of days Hoke Ummer had been trying his best to do Barry some injury. He hated to leave for home without getting "square" with the youth.

"I must fix him," he said to Goul, his ever-present toady.

That afternoon Barry went off rather quietly.

Truth to tell, he had made an appointment with pretty Alice Moore to go skating on the lake.

In his boyish fashion Barry had gotten to think a good deal of the warm-hearted Judge's daughter.

And Alice—well, it would hardly be fair to such a nice girl to tell what she thought of the brave boy who had twice saved her life.

Hoke Ummer saw Barry leave Washington Hall by a back gateway, and, taking his skates, he followed.

Barry went to meet Alice at an old oak tree which overhung the water.

When he arrived she was not there. He put on his skates and circled around in the vicinity, and then sat down on the bank of the lake where there was a large opening in the ice.

Suddenly a dark figure appeared behind him.

It was Hoke Ummer.

As cautiously as a cat the bully crept up close to Barry.

He had determined to shove Barry into the opening in the ice.

He knew that the water ran swiftly underneath and that it might prove highly dangerous to our hero.

He bent over to give Barry the fatal shove.

Just at that instant our hero espied Alice coming and leaped to one side to join her.

"Oh!"

Hoke Ummer uttered a yell of terror.

His hands had met the empty air, and he fell forward and disappeared with a loud splash.

Of course Barry was startled. But even in that brief space of time he recognized his enemy.

"Hoke Ummer! What can it mean?"

He did not stop long to answer the question. He saw that Hoke was in a fearful situation, and that was enough.

Bending over the hole, he essayed to reach Hoke's arm, but was unsuccessful.

In the meantime the current was carrying the bully onward to where the water ran under the ice.

Should he go under he would be lost.

What was to be done?

Barry had to think and act quickly. A half minute more and it would be too late.

"Save me! Oh, save me, Barry Powell! Don't let me die!

"Catch the end of my tippet."

As he yelled out the words Barry unwound the tippet, which was nearly six feet long.

Hoke made a wild clutch and caught it.

Bracing himself on the slippery bank, Barry drew him in.

It was dangerous work, for he himself might have gone into the hole.

"Be careful, Barry," pleaded Alice, who had come up.

In a moment more it was over, and Hoke managed to crawl out on the shore.

Barry Powell had saved the bully's life.

At that moment he did not ask any questions.

"Run for the Hall and change your clothes before you catch cold," he said, and Hoke Ummer ran off without speaking.

But when Barry came back from a most delightful ride with Alice, the bully was waiting for him at the gate.

"Come up to our room, Barry," he said, humbly. "I want to talk with you."

Barry imagined what was coming and readily went with him to the room Hoke made a full confession.

"You saved my life, Barry," he concluded. "I have learned a great lesson. Can you forgive me?"

"Willingly, Hoke," returned our hero, taking his hand. "Only in the future drop your quarrel with me and become like the rest of us."

"I'll do it. No one shall have a chance to call Hoke Ummer a bully again."

Hoke kept his word, and that day on he was a changed lad. He became considerate to the last degree, and soon every lad at Washington Hall was his friend.

On the following day good-bys were said all around, and the sleighs drove up, and ten minutes later our hero and Link were off for home.

(The end.)

A Working Girl's Victory.

(Continued from page twelve.)

fects of a terrible horse-whipping," said the surgeon, "and while I am much mistaken this poor woman has been horse-whipped almost to death before the accident happened."

Further questioning the patient was in a high fever, delirious and raving, at times weeping, again shrieking.

"Please don't strike me again," she would moan; then tossing her arms wildly above her head as though to ward off a blow, she uttered the most heartrending screams.

For days she raved, then, as the fever subsided, she grew quiet, her mind seemingly a complete blank; memory she had none, but with returning life she gazed upon those who approached her, never appearing to find the one she sought.

Cuthbert Barnes visited the new hospital, in the vain hope of gaining some information, but was entirely disappointed, as Roxie Maynard could tell him nothing.

"Can it be that the young dancing Marcella again?" he mourned, when one dismal day in October he returned from a fruitless visit to the hospital in a most inconsolable frame of mind. "It seems as though a merciful Providence were against me everywhere. If this woman could but remember! I pray God that I may see her face to face in the light of reason, that I may learn the fate of my darling—my sweetheart!"

This fascinating story will be continued next week. Our special subscription offer appears on page two.

Makes Him a Substitute.

She treats her husband like a dog.
But why that never frets him
Is that, you see, he's a pug.
She fondles him and pets him.

THE WOODEN INDIAN.

Standing on the corner is the wooden Indian,
And just across the pavement is the old banana man;
When the burly big policeman stops to pass the time of day
And picks up the best banana and carries it away,
The old banana seller talks the worst you ever heard
But the stately wooden Indian, he never says a word.

He fiercely holds a tomahawk uplifted in his hand,
As if he stood on guard above the old banana stand,
But though we boys steal up sometimes and grab a bunch and run,
And the old banana seller swears to kill us every one,
And shakes us and shouts at us until the alleys ring,
The stately wooden Indian, he never does a thing.

I would like to be an Indian with nothing else to do
But to stand out on the corner wearing paint, and feathers too,
And hear a teeth of moccasins and leather clothes; but then I
When the night came on I guess I'd rather be a boy again,
For the poor old wooden Indian gets mud thrown on his clothes,
And one day some somebody came and battered off his nose.

Hunting for Buried Treasure.

The idea of digging in the ground in the hope of finding a store of gold appeals to every one, even to the most imaginative person in the world. It is so easy a way to get rich that it does not seem like hard work in the excitement of the moment. After each search has been thoroughly pushed and nothing found, then the labor becomes apparent.

An expedition has sailed from San Francisco, bound for Cocos island, a place 400 miles from Panama, containing 1,500 acres. It is said that in 1822 some famous pirates buried $15,000,000 on this island, and that the men were all killed before they could unearth it. Two parties came to the conclusion of a Captain Augustus Gisler, who now owns a large portion of the island, and he is at present in San Francisco trying to find the treasure. It is said that the party is confident of discovering the vast treasure, and a great dredge is now at work seeking the sunken vessel. It is believed that the divers have found the ancient craft and the dredge is bringing interesting things to the top. Among the articles found lately were some grape-shot, a silver shoe-buckle, a gold guinea and a gold watch and chain, encouraged the seekers to further exertions, and they are confident of success in the end. It must be exceedingly interesting to feel that any day $5,000,000 may be made at one scoop of the dredge. In years gone by people have sought for the wealth and have found nothing.

The buried spoils of Captain Kidd probably make the strongest appeal, and what either of the treasures referred to above; but the trouble about the search for Kidd's is that no one knows where it is hidden. Some say in Florida, some in New England, others claim that it was buried on the island of the Southern oceans. The wide difference of opinion is encouraging to searchers. Once there is a little island in Long Island sound which has a name of Kidd's island, no one has ever been found there to the writer's knowledge, except one single copper cent, and as it was found by a boy, it is likely the family was not left there by the famous old pirate.

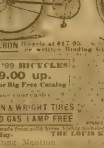
Plain Enough.

"Uncle Jan——" said a young lady who was spending a few days in the country, "is that chicken by the gate a Brahma?"

"No," replied Uncle James, "he's a Leghorn."

"Oh, of course, to be sure!" said the young lady. "How stupid of me! I can see the horns on his ankles."

Send no Money.



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A BABY'S LOOK.

By S.E. Kiser.

Oft I sit and try to conjure
Up the fancies,
The old memories that he
Must be heir to when he rests his
World-wise glances.
As he often does, on me.
Are there dim old recollections
Of another,
Of a fairer place than earth
That some trooping in upon him—
Of the mother
Who forsook him at his birth?
Who shall fathom the deep meaning
Of the look
That is often in his eyes?
Is his mind surcharged with wisdom
From some book
That he studied in the skies?
Does he have his dim old memories
Of a clime
That is fair and far away,
As I've had them, as you've had them
In your time,
We still do—who shall say?

HOW SUSY SOLD THE BABY.

Poor little Susy sat under the tall banana tree that shaded her dollhouse, and hit the corner of her apron and wrinkled up her forehead until her yellow curls bobbed into her eyes and almost made her cry. A noisy jay flew up into the live-oak and scolded at her; a mocking-bird perched on the fence and whistled saucily. Fat old Phoebe was pounding away on the back porch, making "beat-biscuit," and singing to herself as she pounded:

"Hallelujah, my-ah soul!
Hallelujah, oh, my soul!
Hallelujah, hallelujah!"

But Susy paid no heed either to the blue-jay or to the mocking-bird, or even to the years of her life she had never known such trouble. That dreadful baby! He cried as that he made mamma ill, and they had to send the boys away, and Mary was cross, and no wonder everything went wrong.

Now it was not the baby at all that was at fault, but Susy's love of "ground-peas." She could not resist a peanut-seller. Every spare nickel went for "goobers," or "ground-peas," as the southern children call them. The afternoon the boys left everything was "poky" to Susy, and she had strolled down the street. She stopped at the corner, where an old Pentecote was under the big magnolia, with her basket of peanuts before her. The little girl looked so longingly at them that the good-natured colored woman offered to sell her some on credit.

"I'll pay you very soon," said Susy.

"Oh, I kin trest you," said Pentecote. "Ef you don't pay, I'll send the sheriff after you."

Susy had not been afraid then, for she thought her father would soon be home, and now papa would not be home for a week, and there was no knowing what might happen. Susy decided to find out what Pentecote would think of the delay. She tried to saunter toward the big magnolia as if she was just happening by.

"Pentecote," she asked, as carelessly as she could, "how long do you think you can wait for me to pay you?"

"Well, I can't wait so ve'y long. Circus is a-comin' Saturday, an' I'm goin' to get I have to send de sheriff fur dat quahter."

It never occurred to Susy that the old woman was teasing her. Her lips trembled as she answered:

"Very well, Pentecote, you'll have the quarter by Saturday."

By Saturday! It was Thursday, and papa would not be at home for a week. How could she get a quarter? If papa were at home! If mamma were only well! Oh! she wished she had never tasted a peanut. By

The baby was very heavy for her little arms.

pounding of beat-biscuit. She was in great trouble.

Papa was away on business, and mamma was very ill, and must not be disturbed; Freddy, George, and Rob were at the plantation with Mr. Piper, the overseer; Mary, the nurse, was always busy with the new baby. Susy was sure the new baby was the cause of all her trouble. If papa would only come home! Susy was obliged to use the corner of her apron now for a handkerchief. Oh, dear! In all the seven long days of her life she had never known such trouble. That dreadful baby! He cried as that he made mamma ill, and they had to send the boys away, and Mary was cross, and no wonder everything went wrong.

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By Saturday! It was Thursday, and papa would not be at home for a week. How could she get a quarter? If papa were at home! If mamma were only well! Oh! she wished she had never tasted a peanut. By this time Susy was at her own gate again. She glanced fearfully toward Pentecote's corner. Her heart stood still. She felt little funny cold things crawl up and down her back. There was Pentecote, and talking to her! It was terrible!—talking to her was the sheriff himself! Now they were looking at Pentecote and Susy was telling him about that quarter. Susy ran in to hide behind the dollhouse behind the banana tree. There she lay the big bag of peanuts. Susy gave it a furious kick, and sobbed as if her heart would cried. And that is how it happened that Susy was in trouble.

Just at this moment Phoebe came out on the porch. She had a silver waiter in her hands, and on it was mamma's best cut-glass dish filled with white foamy syllabubs dotted with delicious dabs of jelly. Phoebe could see her quite plainly between the long leaves of the banana. She stopped crying, and kept still.

"Miss Susy, oh! Miss Susy, whah you?" called Phoebe. "Miss Susy, Law's sake, whah 'bout's dat chile? Dis yer syllabub is sot!"

Now Susy was sure that it could not be about the sheriff, because then Phoebe would not care about her syllabub. She got up slowly and went toward the house.

"Heigho, whah you been, honey? Run wash you face, an' carry dis yer syllabub yer to Miz Langley's wid yoh maw's compliments."

Susy thought Mrs. Langley's as safe a place as any, so she went. Mrs. Langley herself opened the door when Susy let fall the heavy knocker.

"How is your mother today, dear?" she asked, after admiring the syllabub.

"She isn't very well. I mean she's dreffully sick; thank you," added Susy, politely.

"I am very sorry, indeed. And how is that dear little baby?"

"He's very well," began Susy, and then blurted out: "I don't think he is a dear little baby one bit. He cries so, and he is a dreffal bother, and anyway Phoebe says we have enough boys." Susy shook her head as if she was relieved of a terrible secret.

Mrs. Langley laughed; but she did not seem at all shocked. "Dear me! Too many boys! I wish you would sell him to me. I should dearly love a little boy."

Mrs. Langley had no sooner said "sell him," than a great idea dawned upon unhappy Susy. Here was the way to get money! She would sell the baby for a quarter! Nobody at home wanted that baby, and Mrs. Langley said she would love him dearly. Yes, she would sell the baby. Her voice shook with excitement as she answered: "I reckon you can have him. He isn't a very handsome baby, but don't you think he is worth a quarter?"

Mrs. Langley laughed more than before, and determined to find out whether Susy was trying to get rid of her brother. "Of course he is worth a quarter," she said.

"Now, I tell you, Susy, if you will bring me that baby I will give you a quarter. Come, is it a bargain?"

"Yes," said Susy, promptly. She wanted very much to ask for the money then, but she was too ashamed. "I shall I bring him to you?"

"Any time will do. Tomorrow, if you want. When do you want your money?"

"I'd like—" hesitated Susy. "I'd like to have it now, if it's convenient."

Susy was very happy as she skipped home. Now the baby could not put her in jail. She would pay that mean old Pentecote, and never have another ground-pea from her. Then she began to think of the baby. He was not such a horrid baby after all, and besides, how would he do when he grew up and found he was a sold baby? Susy began to grieve. Susy was reached home she heartily regretted her bargain. She went to her refuge behind the dollhouse. She sat down and thought very hard, giving one or two and little sighs; then she got up, and went straight back to Mrs. Langley. She found her weeding the sunny bed.

"Mrs. Langley—" she began.

"Why, is that you? Where is little Joseph?" Mrs. Langley inquired.

Susy wondered why she called the baby Joseph, but was too intent upon her errand to ask. "Here is your quarter," she said.

"My quarter! I don't want the quarter. I want the baby."

"Well," said Susy, "I don't believe you would if you saw him; he's weal bwight red."

"But he will grow white."

"But he isn't worth a quarter. Weally he isn't. His neck's bwoke!"

"My good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Langley, dropping the trowel. "His neck broken! What do you mean?"

"Well," explained Susy, impressively, "every single time you try to make him sit up, his head flops over so, and Susy dropped her curly head on her shoulder to illustrate the baby's broken neck.

Mrs. Langley fairly shouted. "Never mind," she said, when she stopped laughing a little. "I will handle his neck if I am sure he will be all right, and at any rate even a baby with a broken neck is better than none."

Susy was in despair. She had to keep the money and give up the baby. The tears gathered in her eyes as she went down the wide shady street. She stopped at the corner, undid a piece of money from the corner of her apron and handed it to Pentecote.

"Here's your quarter," she said. Then she walked quickly home. She must manage to get the baby to Mrs. Langley's without being seen.

As luck would have it, Mary was just putting the baby to sleep, walking up and down the garden path. When he fell asleep she laid him in his carriage and went off. No sooner had Mary gone than Susy began pushing and pulling the baby-carriage along the path. She had a hard time crossing the street without bumping the carriage and waking the baby. She reached Mrs. Langley's safely, and got down to get him into the house? She lifted him carefully out. He was very heavy for her poor little strength, but she managed to carry him up the front steps. The door, as usual, stood open, and there was nobody about. She staggered into the cool dark parlor, and laid the baby gently on the sofa. Then she placed a chair so that he could not roll off. She stood and looked at him good-by, and did not dare, so she tip-toed out and went down the road crying as if her heart would break.

She walked toward the country without the least idea of where she was going; she could not go back home. She walked and walked, stopping to rest occasionally. She was hungrier than she had ever been in all her life, for she had had no dinner. She was so tired that she lay down under a hedge and cried harder than ever. She rubbed her dirty little fists in her eyes until her face was a beautiful array of black and pink streaks. By-and-by the sun dropped down behind the trees; the birds flew home into their nests; it began to grow dark; very soon poor little runaway Susy was asleep.

It seemed to her the middle of the night when she was awakened by voices. There were many lights and big men, and a dog

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was barking. She sat up terribly frightened. What had happened? She did not remember that she had sold [illegible] baby and run away. The shouts grew distinct; they were calling "Suzy! Miss Suzy! Oh, Suzy! Hallee, Miss Sis-se-er." She got up and ran against a big man who dropped his torch and shouted. The big man took the little girl up in his arms and said: "My little girdie, my Suzy. Where have you been?"

It was papa! Suzy was too tired and confused to do anything but cry. "Take me home, oh, take me home!"

Very soon she was lying on the lounge in mamma's room. Her mother was laughing, but there were tears in her eyes. Suzy glanced toward the crib. She rubbed her eyes. She sat up in amazement. There lay the very identical baby she had sold.

Such hugging and kissing and explanations! The baby winked and blinked as if he liked it. Papa held his little girl very close while she told him how she had to keep her promise and give up the baby, and how she was sorry and "runned away." Then they told her how Mrs. Langley had returned the baby, and how old Mrs. Potter had seen Suzy trudging along the Black River road, and have papa had returned unexpectedly and set out to find her.

"But, you dear gossy, why didn't you tell someone?" asked mamma.

"'Cause there was nobody to tell," said Suzy, conclusively.

When the boys came home they made great fun of poor Suzy. Georgie called her Joseph's brethren, and Rob called her "peanuts" and "Miss Goober;" but they stopped when they saw how it pained her. Suzy was almost a grown-up young lady before she would eat peanuts again, but before long her very dearest brother was the baby she had sold.—Harper's Young People.

Improved U. S. History.

(Continued from page nine.)

change with kaleidoscopic frequentness, and the politicians were all the time hopping about like a lot of chickens who had just left their heads on the other side of the chopping block. In fact, many of the prominent colonists had narrow escapes from leaving their heads in the care of the executioner, but ever-anxious court executioners.

About this time a company of men who were anxious to turn an honest penny devised a scheme that brought them many shekels. They knew that many of the colonists hated work worse than a Kentucky colonel hates water, so they secured a few ship loads of negroes from the western coast of Africa and brought them to Virginia for sale to the highest bidders. Some of the colonists had paid fancy prices for their wives, and they did not hesitate to pay fabulous sums for slaves to work their plantations and mix mint juleps. That started slavery in the south, and I guess the reason it didn't extend north was because the supply of slaves ran out.

The history of Virginia at this point merges with that of the other states, but at this point a colony in the neighborhood of Boston cuts in on the wire and I will have to give them some attention or a very important cog will be left out of this historical wheel.

Questions for the Student.—Would you like to discover a gold mine? What would you do with it? Don't you wish gold grew on trees? Did you ever monkey with a gun that "wasn't loaded?" How many shot did the doctor pick out of you? Did you ever attend a pink tea? Ain't they silly?

(To be continued next week.)

The Touch of Midas.

(Continued from page eleven.)

climbing higher, leaving Charles Hendricks some thousands of dollars richer.

Then he reinvested. In ten days he became the central figure on 'Change. Whatever he went into prospered. Men watching him said that he had only to touch a thing and it turned to gold. He became known by the name of Midas.

The two years passed, and he was worth two millions. Multi-aires Anderson greeted him graciously whenever they met, but Charles, intent only on stocks and bonds, passed him coldly. To be a multi-millionaire now became his ambition, and he grew oblivious to every human interest save that which brought him nearer to his goal. Visions of untold wealth floated through his mind, and soon his name became synonymous with all that was keen, calculating, shrewd and hard. And so the years passed.

Once he visited an insane asylum. Among the inmates there was one who raved, foamed at the mouth, while he struggled violently with his keeper. In the distorted features who recognized with a shudder the face of the budding politician who had blossomed into a successful one, having filled the gubernatorial chair of the state for two years, been senator also for two, and had even been spoken of in connection with the white house.

He left the building hurriedly, his mind reverting shudderingly to the fate of his other companions. In the hospital the poor lazy, a physical wreck, helpless for life. A little mound in the cemetery was all that remained of the novelist save four books which the critics said were of lasting fame. Congratulating himself on his own good fortune, he retired to his counting room.

At last there came a day when Charles Hendricks stood by the grave of the woman whom he had once loved. Untold wealth was at his command; but, standing there while "ashes returned to ashes, and dust to dust," he knew that he had lost the best part of his life; that, like Midas of old, he was accursed.

Too late came the knowledge that such power as was his was a curse to its possessor. He turned from the grave of a broken heart and crept back to his gold, alone, accursed.

The impudent rabbit who strays into the clover patch for better food leaves behind him a trail for the dogs.

Beauty's Brown Bread.

One girl in the world at least has discovered the secret of a healthy complexion beautiful.

"What is the matter with my complexion that it is clearing out so beautifully?" said the girl. "Well, one thing is that I am eating brown bread; yes, quantities of it; coarse Boston brown bread, and it is doing me a world of good. Then, of course, I am eating plenty of fruit; an orange before luncheon as well as before breakfast, usually, and I have commenced my spring medicines.

"Never heard of them? Well, I guess you never had a grandmother. I am taking hop tea, and shall take it for five or six weeks every single night. I take it just before I go to bed, and that is comparatively early, for I am trying to put myself in good order generally for the summer. Mamma says my hop tea is Lent tea, for I am always taking it in Lent. That's a good time, too, when you are getting a little rest.

"How do you make it? Well, you take three tablespoonfuls of hops—the German hops are the best—and pour about a pint of cold water over them in some nice earthenware dish, if you have one—don't use tin or iron—and then let it get hot and steep from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. If the water heats quickly fifteen minutes will be enough. Sometimes in earthenware it takes longer. It smells so nice and is so clean that you can't help feeling that the hops are doing you a world of good."

Kidney Troubles of Women

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is most efficient treatment for kidney troubles of women. Overwhelming evidence of this is forthcoming. Read the following letters:

Mrs. Anthony Sutter, Crestline, Ohio, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: It would be hard to explain to you my condition before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was a great sufferer from kidney trouble and headache. On rising in the morning I was always tired and sleepy, and never felt like doing any work. Since taking the Compound I feel like a new woman. I sleep well at night, and can work all day without that tired feeling. I have advised some of my friends to try it, and we all feel thankful for the benefit we have derived from its use. May God bless you for the good you are doing the poor suffering women!"

Mrs. F. H. Allen, 419 Nebraska Ave., Toledo, Ohio, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: Change of life was working on me. My kidneys and bladder were affected. Terrible pains when urinating and an itching that nearly drove me wild. I had tried many remedies. I told my husband I had great faith in yours and he got me a bottle; I am now on my fourth bottle. I feel that I am entirely cured. I can work all day. I can hardly realize that such a wonderful cure is possible. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine for women."

Miss Lockhart Tells How Her Life Was Saved.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I cannot express my gratitude to you for the good that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I have taken five bottles of the Compound and two boxes of Liver Pills and feel better in every respect. I had suffered for years with dropsy, caused by the pressure of the water. I had the worst kind of kidney trouble, fainting spells, and I could not stand long at a time. I also had female weakness and the doctor said there was a tumor in my left side. The pains I had to stand were something dreadful. A friend handed me a little book of yours, so I got your medicine and it has saved my life. I felt better now from the first bottle. The bloating and the tumors have all gone and. I do not suffer any pain."—Miss N. J. Lockhart, Box 16, Elizabeth, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Archambo Took Mrs. Pinkham's Advice.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: For two years I felt tired and so weak and dizzy that some days I could hardly go around the house. Backache and headache all the time and my food would not digest and had such pains in the womb, was troubled with leucorrhœa and kidneys were affected. After birth of each child I grew weaker, and hearing so much of the good you had done, I wrote to you and have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one box of Lozenges, one box of Liver Pills, one package of Sanative Wash, and today I am feeling as well as I ever did."—Mrs. Salina Archambo, Charlemont, Mass.

Derangement of the feminine organs quickly affect the kidneys, and suffering women should write fully to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and get her prompt reply without charge.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound---A Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

THINKING OF GOOD TIMES

Love ter think o' good times comin'—
Birds a-singin', bees a-hummin';
All the cattle in the clover,
An' the blue skies bendin' over,
Roun' my way they're allers drummin'
Regiments o' good times comin'!

Love ter think o' good times growin'
In the seed I sow 'n sowin',
With the sun 'n' showers amongst me wingin'—
Voices of the reapers singin',
An' the whole creation humanin'
O' the good times comin'—comin'.

Love ter think o' good times smilin'
Like yer sweetheart's lips beguilin',
Warm up yonder, what I'm in—
Pastures dreamin' what the dew is;
All the world in chorus hummin'
Of the times—the good times—comin'!

Love ter think o' good times—sorrow
Ain't no factor in tomorrow!
Streams with milk an' honey flowin';
Ah' my heart's fereve humin'
Music o' the good times comin'!

A PINEVILLE CHRONICLE.

"When Joe Peterman and Polly May get married we'll be standing best in Pineville. Joe and Polly lived on adjoining five-acre lots, with only a fence between them. It was not a very high fence, nor a strong one, either, for it was almost rotted down in many places.

It was said that years ago Joe and Polly had been sweethearts, but that they had quarreled about some trifling matter, and that they had not spoken to each other since that day.

Jonesy had just been elected justice of Pineville, and was looking around to see where the fees of the office were to come from.

As there was nothing for him to do in the office, he thought that it was his duty to go outside of it and hunt up something. In debating the question with himself as to what would be most likely to fall to him in a fee, his mind, of course, turned to marriages.

"When Joe Peterman and Polly May get married," he repeated to himself, smiling. "Why, it is a cinch for this county commissioner to end that quarrel of theirs the first thing, and it is a duty I owe myself to see that they get married as soon afterward as possible."

So Jonesy took a walk out to Joe Peterman's place, and found the latter at home.

Joe was timid, after many talk on subjects in general; "Joe, I came out to see you on official business."

Joe's eyes flew wide open.

"Haven't been doing anything wrong, have I?" he asked, with trembling voice.

"Well, I don't know," Jonesey replied, cautiously, for he could see that Joe had something on his mind, and thought to draw him out. "It all depends on the right and wrong generally depends on the circumstances attending the case."

"That's what I reckoned," said Joe. "You see I saw Polly coming through the fence, and tried to make her go back."

"And she wouldn't go?"

"No."

"What did you do next?"

"Why, I spoke she run up that peach-tree, and went to clawing and scratching like hark."

"She did, eh?"

"She did. Then I got mad. It's a fool," said Joe, banging his head, "I picked up a brickbat and threw it at her, and down she to the ground, and her legs lit underneath her."

"Didn't she say anything," asked Jonesey.

"Why?"

"Why, Polly, of course."

"You didn't think that it was Polly I treated that way, did you?" asked Joe.

"No, hardly. But who was it?"

"It was Polly's cat, Jonesy. I thought that perhaps Polly had seen it, and gone to you and preferred a complaint against me."

"No, she hasn't done it yet, Joe, but there is no telling how soon she will do so or not," Jonesey. Then he added, confidentially: "If I were you I'd go over and see her and settle the matter in time out of court."

After Jonesey left him Joe stood and scratched his head for some time. The whole thing was a puzzle to him. Had Jonesey known more than he pretended to? If so, had Polly told him? And if Polly had, was it at her suggestion that Jonesey had come out to find out to see her?

It is ten years since we spoke," he mused, with a sad smile, while a mocking-bird was singing blithely in a tree close by.

But Jonesey's advice seemed to suited in a different mood. Somehow he felt that his mission had been rather a failure. Still, every once in a while a gleam of hope darted upward, and he thought that he could see a face not a place afar off.

As he walked along, musing and dreaming, he found himself suddenly face to face with a woman carrying a huge baskes on her arm.

"How do you do, judge?" she cried, cheerfully, letting her basket down to the ground. "I was real glad to hear that you was elected."

"Thank you, Polly. I was just thinking about you when you hobbed up," said Jonesey. "I have been over to see your neighbor, Joe Peterman, and was on my way home with my thoughts full of both of you."

Polly frowned.

"Joe isn't going to have me to court, is he?" she asked.

"Oh," Polly, I reckon that depends as much on you as on him."

"Well, had no business coming in through the window like he did," Polly said. "It served him right that the window fell down on him like it did and caught him by the leg. Of course, when I grabbed him by the throat to keep him from squalling, and he cut me on the wrist, I was mad enough to kill him. But I kept my temper, and I didn't hurt him any more than I could help, as he protested.

"But Joe didn't—" Jonesey began.

"I'f course Joe didn't. Joe never would listen to reason," cried Polly.

"But, Polly, Joe—" Jonesey began again.

"That's all right, Jim Jonesey; you have Joe's side of the story, and I am going to tell mine," cried Polly. "After I got him loose I bothered with him all day, and declared him, and that night, after dark, I carried him in my arms to the fence and set him down on the other side."

"Goodness, Polly, you don't mean to tell me that you carried him in your arms?" Jonesey exclaimed.

"Well, I just did, and I'll sweer to it before Joe or anybody."

"I wouldn't believe it if I was you," said Jonesey, soothingly. "Why, there isn't a soul in Pineville would believe you could do it."

"Could do what?"

"Why, carry Joe Peterman in your arms, of course."

"Jim Jonesey, you are a fool!" she cried, very red in the face. "It is Joe's old Dominique rooster I have been talking about."

"Why, yes, of course," stammered Jonesey, in confusion, "I knew that. It was just teasing you, Polly, knowing that you and Joe were such old friends."

"But did Joe say he was going to take me to court?" she asked.

"No, exactly, but I advised him to go and talk the matter over with you. Say, Polly, you two ought to make up. You take my advice," said Jonesey.

That evening Mrs. Jonesey asked her husband how many fees the new office had brought him.

"This is the first day, you know," he smiled, faintly. "I have just been setting the wheels in motion, and the fees will come in after awhile."

"Why, when Joe Peterman and Polly May get married," she said, laughing.

Jonesey had accomplished something that day. He had set Joe and Polly thinking about each other. Joe, long, lantern-jawed face, usually sober and solemn, had relaxed into smiles several times, and once he actually caught himself humming an old song that had lain forgotten for years within his soul. On the other hand, Polly's proud and rosy face, that was supposed to wear a perpetual frown, had worn very thoughtful and sad. And while bending above the steaming tea-pot, and the tea-cup in the upper-table, her eyes seemed filled with tears.

"Poor Joe," she sighed, as she sat down to her lonely meal. "I thought sure that he would get over it and marry some one else, but it seems that he doesn't care any more than I do for the old quarrel, and I am just persist in being wrong, when only a word from him would make things so different."

Just then a cat came in at the open door, and when Polly saw that it limped slightly on one leg she sprang up from the table and, caught it in her arms.

"Poor kitty!" she murmured. "I wonder who hurt you? You can't tell me, you? I can," said a manly voice in the doorway, and a tall, broad man filled the room. "Jonesy told me today that you intended to use me for throwing a brickbat at your cat," he said.

Polly eyed her visitor closely for a moment, and seeing that he was in earnest the supper-table instead of upon herself. The hard look faded from her face and her lips relaxed into a smile.

"Come in, Joe," she said, gently. "Will you take a cup of tea with me?"

"Then you ain't mad because I crippled your cat?"

"Joe," she cried, trying to look severe, "will you take a cup of tea with me?"

"Yes. You ain't mad, Polly?"

Polly did not reply, but hastened herself refilling the ten-pot and making room for him at the table.

When Joe was seated at the table Polly sat down opposite to him and watched him in silence for about minutes.

"So Jim Jonesey has been telling you that I was about ready to come for your crippling my cat, has he?" she said, at last. "I met him when he was coming from your house, and he hinted that you might have me prosecuted because my cat limped, but reason came over here and got himself crippled right after dark."

"I never said no such thing, Polly," cried Joe.

"Nor did I," said Polly.

"I never mentioned rooster to him."

"Nor did I mention cat."

"I wonder how he found out?" said Joe.

"I guess our quarrel was the way, Joe. When I think of it now, he never said anything to me about it, and I was just about it myself," said Polly smiling.

"I reckon that Jonesy was the same with me and the cat," said Joe. "I knew I wanted to tell you how sorry I was, and I said I could tell you better than Jonesey could to see me."

"I am sorry, too, Joe," said Polly, "and I hope you won't think that I done it on purpose."

Somehow the summer dusk gathered around them, and unheard and unseen Cupid it as they talked on across the table between them. After awhile, however, Polly rose and went to the door, where Joe followed her.

"Joe, Polly," he said, taking her unresisting hand. "I have been sorry for everything all these years. Can't you say that you forgive me?"

Polly looked into his face.

"I have been sorry, too, Joe; oh, so sorry!"

Just then Polly's cat, purring loudly, rubbed herself against Joe's leg, and at the same moment old Dominique crowed lustily on his own side of the fence.

Now, in Pineville, a good many things are heard from the cat, and how Joe Peterman and Polly May got married."

Human Ant-Eaters.

The eating of human flesh has not, hitherto, presented itself as a vice. Now, however, it appears that the existence of a strange taste for such food may be a menace to health and morality. Popular Science News gives an account of a case which has been looked upon as a new disease that broke out among the lumbermen in the engraving, to whom it was first brought to notice.

"Bolters," men who cut the round timbers into boards, were the first to be attacked by it. For a day or two they acted strangely, singing and laughing about their work, making much needless disturbance, and showing great excitement. They lost all appetite for food, going the whole day without tasting a mouthful. Later their eyes grew bloodshot, and their limbs shook as if they were afflicted with palsy.

At a more acute stage of the disease the men collapsed entirely. A doctor was called in, and at once pronounced them intoxicated. The rooms of the men were searched, but no liquor was found. Those about them were questioned, but could throw no light on the matter.

None of the symptoms did not indicate alcoholism. The pulse was slower and more regular than in cases of drunkenness, while the pupils of the eyes were enlarged to twice their natural size. The men remained in a half-comatose state for several days, on turning to their senses only after repeated doses of medicine had been administered.

When well enough to answer questions the men all declared that they had taken no liquor. When asked to account for their illness, they said they believed it was brought on from eating large red ants which they found in the hollow butts of the trees.

These insects are well known in all lumber camps, where the Frenchmen, and others with a taste for sharp acids, eat of them freely, winnowing them from the sawdust, and chewing them as they would radishes, or mixing them with molasses and using them as a substitute for cranberry sauce.

The ants burrow homes for themselves in the trunks of old trees. During the summer they roam in the woods, but at the approach of cold weather they return to winter quarters, where they apparently freeze, and remain stiff until thawed out in spring. Those frozen ants the woodsmen eat greedily, for they find them so strongly impregnated with acid that they prefer them to cranberry or apple sauce.

A Foolish Wager.

In a Paris cafe, as the story is related in the London newspaper, a man had been astonishing his fellow-workmen by drinking extraordinary quantities of water. One of them remarked, very sensibly, that it must be bad for the health to drink so much.

"Not a bit of it," was the reply, accompanied by the assertion that twenty-four pints of water was about what a man needed to quench his thirst in such weather. A bet was offered and taken. It was arranged that the man should lie on the floor with a funnel between his lips. Into the funnel was to be poured until the limit of twenty-four pints of water.

An obliging but ill-advised bystander agreed to pour the water. The man on his back gulped down pint after pint with apparent ease. After a time, however, somebody noticed that he had ceased drinking and drank no more; and for the very good reason that he was dead.

To Keep Flowers Fresh.

Flowers will last much longer if their stems are set in a dish of sand. Arrange the flowers in the usual manner, and then carefully pour into the vase by means of a funnel enough sand to nearly fill it. Then very gradually add water till it stands a little above the sand. Replenish the water from day to day.

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The Von Mohl Company invites all men suffering from Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Small Parts or Weakness of any nature in the Sexual or Urinary Organs, to send a postal card and receive a five days' treatment. This will prove the wonderful virtues and powers of "CALTHOS." After using it five days the sufferer will find new vigor in their organs, new force in their muscles, new blood in their veins, and rapid progress toward the buoyant feelings and sensations of youthful days.

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Enclose slip of paper showing size of finger.

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We give two of these rings absolutely free to our subscribers, and we make this liberal offer for the purpose of introducing to them our publication, THE BOYCE'S MONTHLY, and to induce them to become regular readers of the same. The rings are a beauty and is a perfect imitation. Each ring No. 3 is a solid plated hand wedding ring, with a fine engraved design. Ring No. 4 is a solid gold plated ring, with a fine engraved design. Ring No. 5 is a solid gold plated ring, with a fine engraved design. Ring No. 6 is a beautiful ring and is very popular

Sour Stomach

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THE PASSING SHOW.

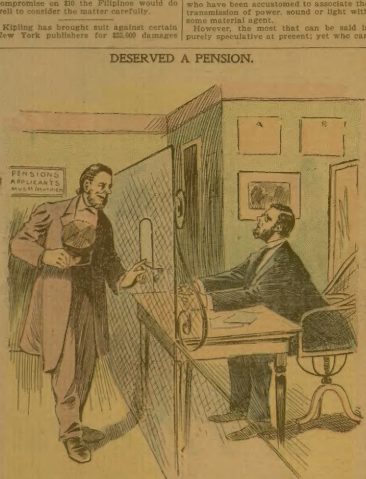
The Question Settled.

The story of the naval battle of Santiago, as told by the charts and the appendix to the annual report of Captain Crowninshield, chief of the bureau of navigation, shows that the cruiser Brooklyn and the battleship Iowa made seven-tenths of all marks by projectiles on the Spanish ships. The Brooklyn and the Iowa also carried eight-inch guns, and as they were in the thick of the fight it is probable their score would be increased by a good part of the 219 eight-inch shells sent after the Spanish ships by the Brooklyn, Iowa, Oregon, and Indiana, which carried the eight-inch guns. When in addition it is remembered that the Brooklyn was hit oftener than any other American ship engaged the famous controversy as to the part Admiral Schley played in the battle of Santiago may be said to be established beyond the possibility of contradiction.

Aguinaldo wants $20,000,000 ransom from Spain for the Spanish prisoners, now in his hands, and intimates that if the sum is not forthcoming he will consider them his slaves. There is likely to be a sudden drop one of these days in the value of Aguinaldo's prisoners, and if he has a chance to compromise on $10 the Filipinos would do well to consider the matter carefully.

Kipling has brought suit against certain New York publishers for $35,000 damages

DESERVED A PENSION.



"You say you fought all through the war, but I can't find your name on any of the enlistment-rolls."

"I know it. I wasn't enlisted. I fought with my wife."

on account of alleged invasions of his literary rights. There is no longer any question as to the poet's restored health. Kipling is a fighter as well as a writer, and his first exercise after his convalescence is to get after the poachers on his literary preserves.

The recalcitrant Filipinos should be careful not to place too much dependence upon their climate as an ally. Heat only aids expansion.

Wireless Telephony.

The announcement that Prof. Bell believes in the ultimate development of wireless telephony as a result of the experiments now being conducted by Marconi in signaling through space will not be surprising to those who are familiar with the nature and extent of the investigations made by the inventor of the telephone in this particular field. Professor Bell has never regarded the present condition of the art as complete or satisfactory, but on the contrary, he looks upon the costly metallic conductors, intricate mechanism and multiplicity of apparatus required in modern exchange working as needlessly complicated and exceedingly crude.

It is remarkable that the telephone business has been hampered and retarded by the growing complications that have confronted every enlargement and extension of the service. Simplicity has not come with the familiarity growing out of many years of experience and development. Every year has witnessed the introduction of additional apparatus and this multiplicity of parts is naturally accompanied by complications and complexities in the general system.

It is quite probable that most of this apparatus would be discarded with the advent of "wireless telephony"—much of it would become unnecessary and other parts would have to be modified to meet new conditions. But it is too early now for the layman to consider these problems. They can be left safely to the engineers and inventors.

What the patrons of telephony want to know is, How will the new system affect them? Will the service be improved? Will the rates be reduced? For the users of long-distance lines there will be consolation in the reflection that they will not have to "wait for the wire to become disengaged." The idea that a man in San Francisco may be able to talk directly to a man in New York or Chicago without employing connecting wires to convey and reproduce the vibrations by which are produced the sound waves possesses a fascination that must have an influence upon the least imaginative mind. Then, too, there is a mystery about the whole subject that attracts the untrained, something uncanny to those who have been accustomed to associate the transmission of power, sound or light with some material agent.

However, the most that can be said is purely speculative at present; yet who can say how long before these visions become actualities?

Most Temperate Nation.

The Greeks were perhaps the most temperate of the ancient nations. True they had their wine, but it was of a mild character, containing but little alcohol, yet they never drank it without the addition of water, and to drink it otherwise they deemed would be the act of barbarians. In short the Greek drank for exhileration, and never allowed his cups to carry him beyond fit.

Tooth Brushes Scarce.

One of the western soldiers at Manila writes that he went into a store to buy a toothbrush, and that the storekeeper took down everything in the shop before he could be made to understand what his customer wanted. After the brush had been found the storekeeper said that its native name was "tapoknos tampulse," and that it was the only one in stock.

The occasion again presents itself for the repetition of the great truth that scorching is injurious to the health of both scorcher and the pedestrian.

Another shipload of guns and ammunition has arrived at Manila to be used in pursuing the work of leading the Filipino to the higher paths of civilization.

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